



St. Augustine's Messenger

November, 1931

CONTENTS

Remember the Suffering Souls.....	2
The Late Mother M. Theodore.....	4
The Negro and the Catholic Church.....	6
Mission News	8
New Superior St. Augustine's Church and School	
Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena.....	10
Editorial	11
Homeward Bound	12
Briefly	14
Seminary Notes	16

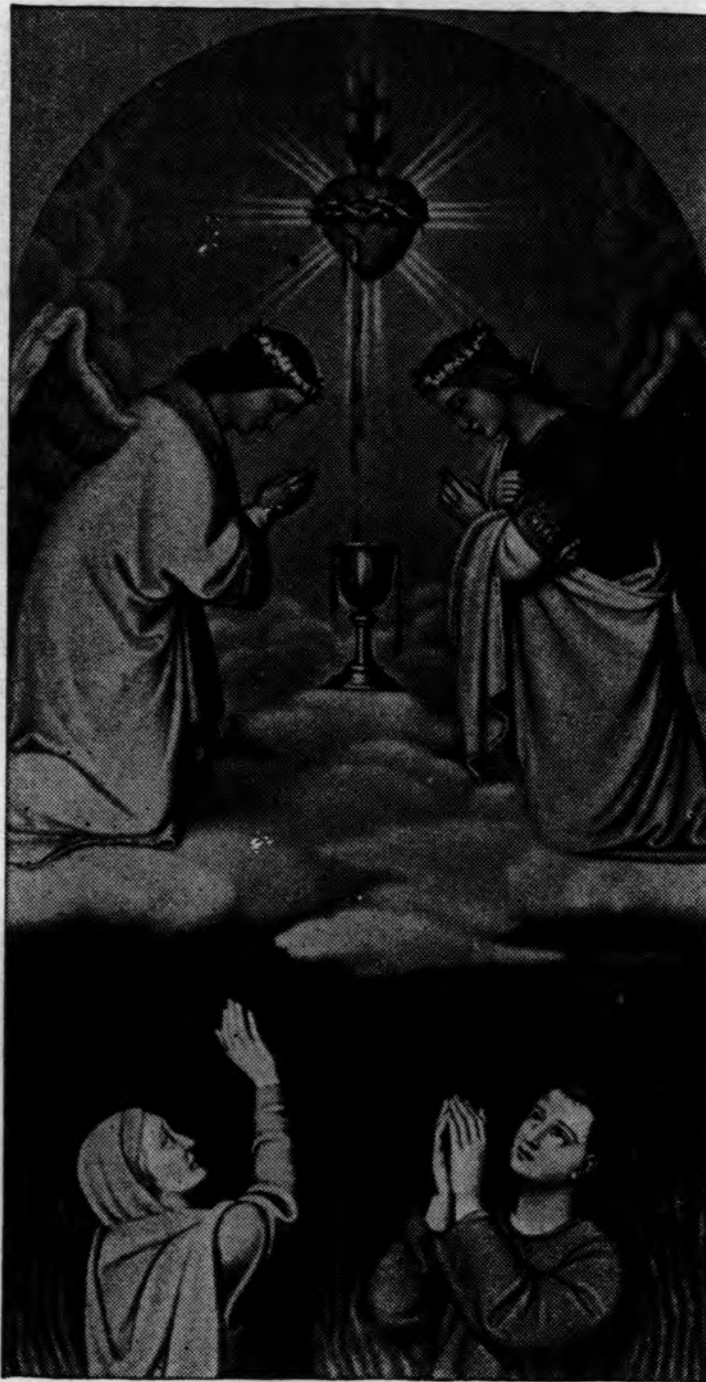


Remember the Suffering Souls

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

The hurry of employment, the pursuit of business, the enjoyment of health allow little time for contemplation on the more serious affairs of the end of life. But at the approach of the month of November something seems to arouse us.

The dead! What thoughts these words awaken! Thoughts of the silent tomb; thoughts that turn us for a time from even the charm of those who live; thoughts that fling open the portals of our memory and bring before our eyes the dear ones who have passed away. We cherish these memories. Fathers or mothers feel their affection stirred for their dead children; children do not forget their beloved parents who have passed into eternity; friends find consolation and peace in the cherished and



fond recollections of departed comrades. No, we cannot force the dead out of our mind. We cling to them with a sorrow indeed most sweet. We love them still.

Who are they that endure the bitter woes of purgatory? They are — many of them — your own nearest and dearest friends. Parents, they are the children whom God has lately taken from your fireside, children whom you cherished, and for whom you freely sacrificed your very lives. Children, they are your parents, the parents who brought you up in tenderness and love, and whom you loved with all the yearning affection of your young hearts. Besides, there are those with whom you spent so many happy hours — your friends, companions, and associates; there are those who

went down into the sea in the death of night, unknown and forgotten; there are the soldiers who died in battle in foreign lands, of whose death no one knows.

We should make this month of November a veritable "harvest time" for the holy souls now suffering in purgatory. The Church never forgets her departed children. Every Mass has its memento for those who have gone before with the sign of faith. Practically every public service and every official prayer of the Church includes a petition in behalf of the faithful departed. The Second of November, All Souls' Day, is devoted exclusively, in Masses and prayers, to the aid of the suffering souls. Mother Church dedicates the entire month to this work of faith and of love, relieving and releasing those detained in the purifying processes of purgatory. She urges and exhorts the faithful to work constantly in this month for the relief of their suffering brethren, and, to make their work more efficacious, she opens to their access her treasury of grace and merit.

The strongest motive that should induce us to pray for the dead is a sense of compassion for the fearful suffering they endure before they are permitted to behold the face of God. We know purgatory is a place of fire, and that the flames are the same as those in which the damned suffer in hell. The only difference is that the flames of purgatory cease, but those of hell rage forever. Excruciating, however, as those

torments are, they are as nothing in comparison to the loss of the sight of God. Let me ask you, for a moment, to strive to realize this agonizing sense of loss. Imagine yourself in this life banished for a great period of time, say twenty-five years, to a foreign land, a land where you must toil, without a shade or canopy beneath the burning rays of a torrid sun. During that long and melancholy period you are not permitted to open your lips, to exchange one word with a fellow creature, but, cowering beneath the lash of a master, you toil and sweat on from day to day. The labor, the heat, the cruel suffering are more bitter even than death itself, but worse, are the solitary thoughts that haunt your soul in that far distant land. You think of the tender mother, of the afflicted father, of the beloved brother, sister, children from whom you have been so rudely dragged away. From day to day, from year to year, you sigh and think of those dear distant friends. You never hear of them, know not whether they are dead or living, whether you shall ever see one of them again. Alas! What pen can paint the agonies of those twenty-five long, dreary years? If such be the pain on earth, what must it be to the suffering souls in purgatory?

How well we may suppose these poor souls cry out in the words of Jeremias: "All ye who pass by the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto our sorrow." And again in the words of Job:

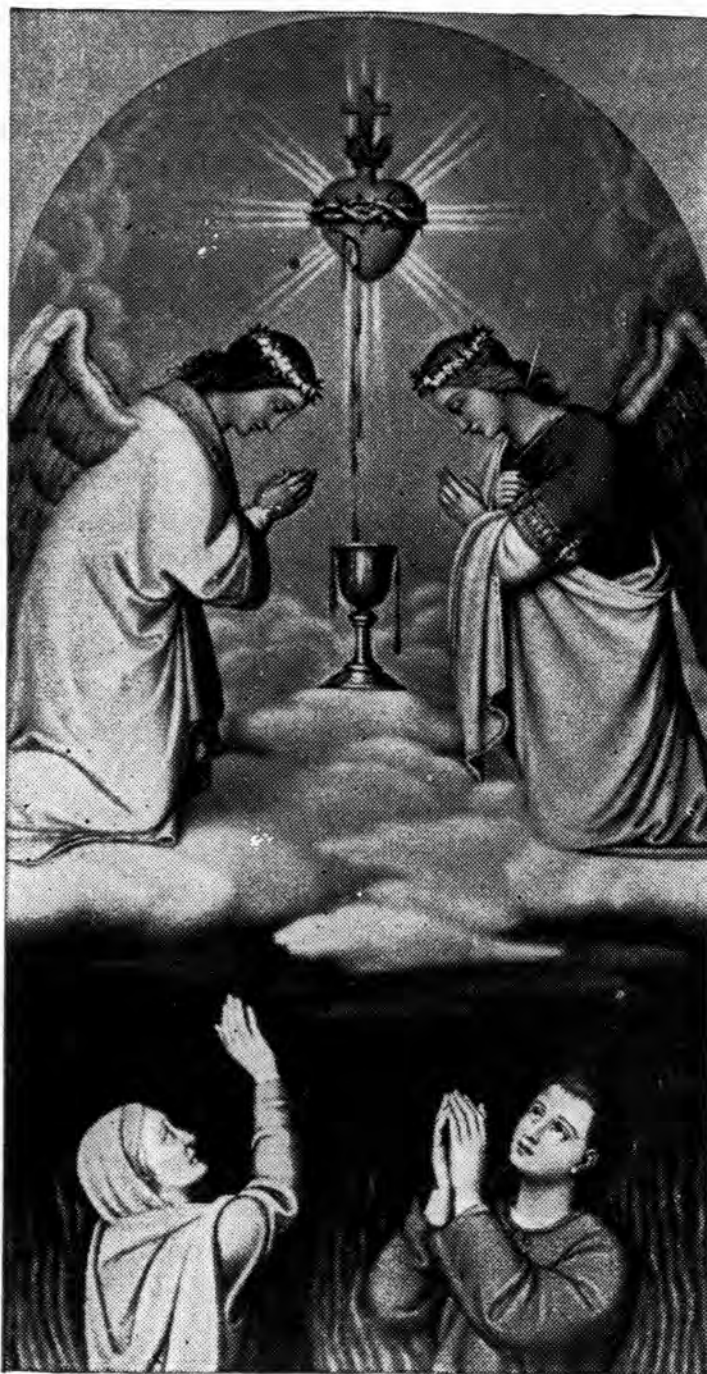
(Continued on Page 15)

Remember the Suffering Souls

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

The hurry of employment, the pursuit of business, the enjoyment of health allow little time for contemplation on the more serious affairs of the end of life. But at the approach of the month of November something seems to arouse us.

The dead! What thoughts these words awaken! Thoughts of the silent tomb; thoughts that turn us for a time from even the charm of those who live; thoughts that fling open the portals of our memory and bring before our eyes the dear ones who have passed away. We cherish these memories. Fathers or mothers feel their affection stirred for their dead children; children do not forget their beloved parents who have passed into eternity; friends find consolation and peace in the cherished and



fond recollections of departed comrades. No, we cannot force the dead out of our mind. We cling to them with a sorrow indeed most sweet. We love them still.

Who are they that endure the bitter woes of purgatory? They are — many of them — your own nearest and dearest friends. Parents, they are the children whom God has lately taken from your fireside, children whom you cherished, and for whom you freely sacrificed your very lives. Children, they are your parents, the parents who brought you up in tenderness and love, and whom you loved with all the yearning affection of your young hearts. Besides, there are those with whom you spent so many happy hours — your friends, companions, and associates; there are those who

went down into the sea in the death of night, unknown and forgotten; there are the soldiers who died in battle in foreign lands, of whose death no one knows.

We should make this month of November a veritable "harvest time" for the holy souls now suffering in purgatory. The Church never forgets her departed children. Every Mass has its memento for those who have gone before with the sign of faith. Practically every public service and every official prayer of the Church includes a petition in behalf of the faithful departed. The Second of November, All Souls' Day, is devoted exclusively, in Masses and prayers, to the aid of the suffering souls. Mother Church dedicates the entire month to this work of faith and of love, relieving and releasing those detained in the purifying processes of purgatory. She urges and exhorts the faithful to work constantly in this month for the relief of their suffering brethren, and, to make their work more efficacious, she opens to their access her treasury of grace and merit.

The strongest motive that should induce us to pray for the dead is a sense of compassion for the fearful suffering they endure before they are permitted to behold the face of God. We know purgatory is a place of fire, and that the flames are the same as those in which the damned suffer in hell. The only difference is that the flames of purgatory cease, but those of hell rage forever. Excruciating, however, as those

torments are, they are as nothing in comparison to the loss of the sight of God. Let me ask you, for a moment, to strive to realize this agonizing sense of loss. Imagine yourself in this life banished for a great period of time, say twenty-five years, to a foreign land, a land where you must toil, without a shade or canopy beneath the burning rays of a torrid sun. During that long and melancholy period you are not permitted to open your lips, to exchange one word with a fellow creature, but, cowering beneath the lash of a master, you toil and sweat on from day to day. The labor, the heat, the cruel suffering are more bitter even than death itself, but worse, are the solitary thoughts that haunt your soul in that far distant land. You think of the tender mother, of the afflicted father, of the beloved brother, sister, children from whom you have been so rudely dragged away. From day to day, from year to year, you sigh and think of those dear distant friends. You never hear of them, know not whether they are dead or living, whether you shall ever see one of them again. Alas! What pen can paint the agonies of those twenty-five long, dreary years? If such be the pain on earth, what must it be to the suffering souls in purgatory?

How well we may suppose these poor souls cry out in the words of Jeremias: "All ye who pass by the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto our sorrow." And again in the words of Job:

(Continued on Page 15)

The late Mother M. Theodore and Her Life Work

"The Charity of Christ Presseth Us." (2 Cor. 5,14)

On July 14, 1931, the Foundress and Superioress of the youngest congregation of colored nuns went to her eternal reward. This simple biographical sketch of Mother Theodore is offered in a spirit of sincere appreciation for the good she and her Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary have accomplished.

Elizabeth B. Williams was born in Baton Rouge, La., on September 7, 1863. Her early education was entrusted to the good Ladies of the Sacred Heart and the Sisters of the Holy Family. The exemplary lives of these religious people made such a lasting impression on her soul that from childhood she yearned to embrace the religious life.

In the latter 80's she made the decisive step. It was in the direction of the colored Sisters of St. Francis in Convent, La. This community claimed her as a member as long as it was in existence. Divine Providence, however, was preparing a larger field of activity for Miss Williams.

At this point the Very Reverend Ignatius Lissner, Provincial of the Fathers of the Society of African Missions, enters our story. He had been meeting with difficulties in obtaining Sisters to teach in his schools and do social work among the people. (His Society has all the Negro Missions

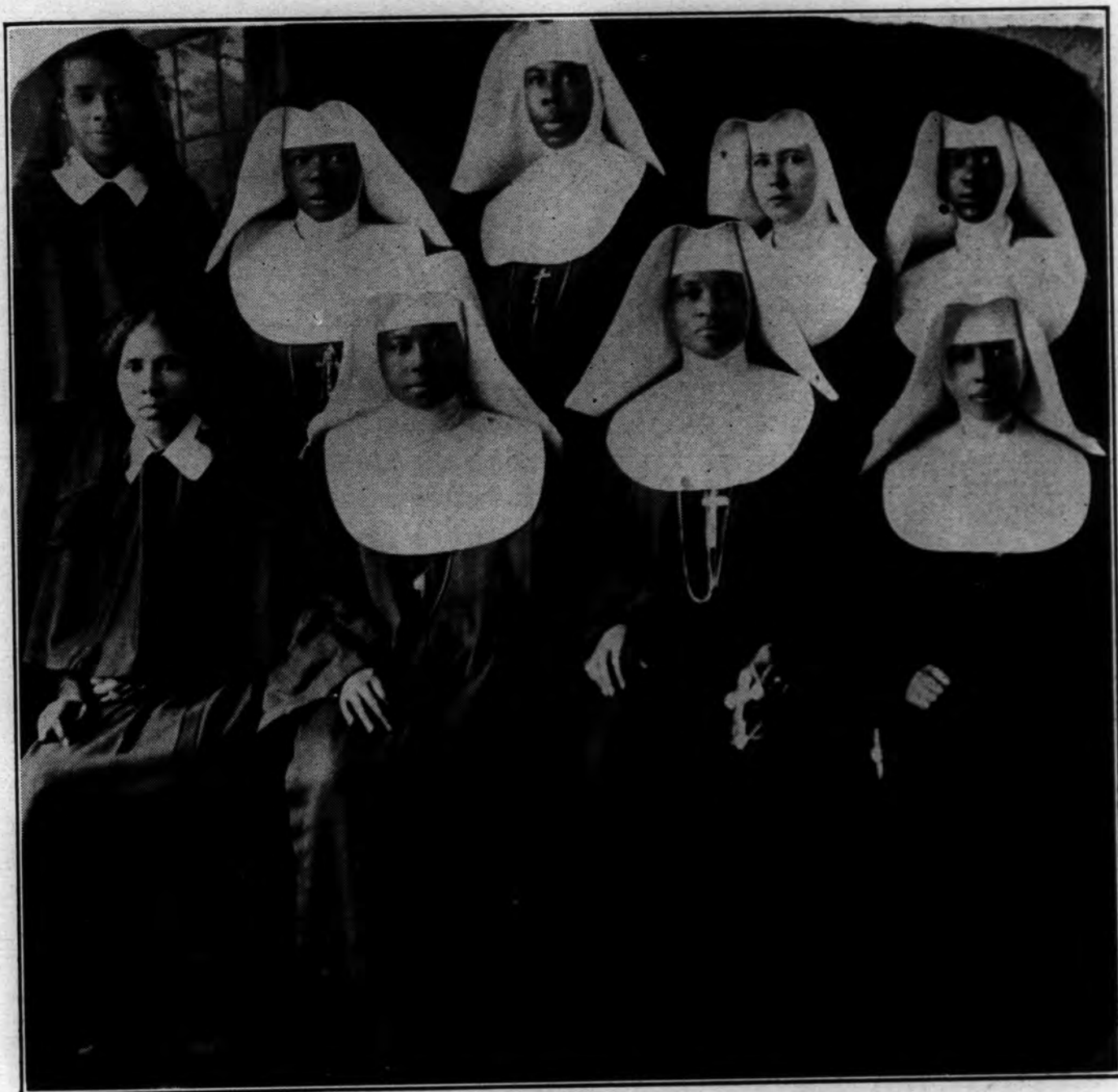
in Georgia, and another in Los Angeles, Calif.) When Father Lissner mentioned this need to the Right Reverend Benjamin Keiley, D. D., Bishop of Savannah, His Excellency suggested something worthy of this indefatigable priest. Why not found a community of his own to whom this branch of the work could be entrusted?

Our sincere friend of the Negro was nothing loath to follow his advice. With his decision, however, came the problem of enlisting a woman fully capable of carrying out the strenuous program. But Providence came to his assistance.

In 1917 Father Lissner approached Miss Elizabeth Williams, who was then in Philadelphia. She gladly assented with all the burdens and responsibilities of the new project. The following year found her in Savannah, organizing the new community with the wholehearted approval of Right Reverend Bishop Keily. Mother Theodore Williams was appointed Superior and placed in charge of a small group of young women. Henceforth her life story will be that of the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary.

The first days were trying ones. Their house was small and poorly furnished. Day by day for three years Mother Theodore was obliged to beg the bread of the poor for her spiritual children.

*Facts borrowed copiously from Father Lefarge's article appearing in the September, 1931 issue of *Our Colored Missions* and from the June, 1930 issue of *St. Augustine's Messenger*.



HANDMAIDS OF THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY, 1929

Mother M. Theodore is seated second from the right

After six months the first postulants entered. The feast of the Assumption, 1920, witnessed the first five happy aspirants receiving the habit. God was blessing the work.

Soon a heavy trial came. Influenza visited the small community, carrying off one of the five Novices. Mother Theodore, however, would not allow her bereaved household to stagger under the blow. They had now a little Sister, she assured them, to plead their cause face to face with their Eternal Spouse.

In a way the work prospered. A day school was opened. The sick, the infirm, the needy, the poor, the aged, the orphaned—all were sharing their attention. On the other hand, hard times still persisted; necessary funds were not always forthcoming. Mother Theodore's religious experience had given her reason to fear that their location in the far South would retard the growth of the congregation.

Accordingly with the permission of their Bishop and at the invitation of His Eminence,

(Continued on Page 18)

The late Mother M. Theodore and Her Life Work

"The Charity of Christ Presseth Us." (2 Cor. 5,14)

On July 14, 1931, the Foundress and Superioress of the youngest congregation of colored nuns went to her eternal reward. This simple biographical sketch of Mother Theodore is offered in a spirit of sincere appreciation for the good she and her Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary have accomplished.

Elizabeth B. Williams was born in Baton Rouge, La., on September 7, 1863. Her early education was entrusted to the good Ladies of the Sacred Heart and the Sisters of the Holy Family. The exemplary lives of these religious people made such a lasting impression on her soul that from childhood she yearned to embrace the religious life.

In the latter 80's she made the decisive step. It was in the direction of the colored Sisters of St. Francis in Convent, La. This community claimed her as a member as long as it was in existence. Divine Providence, however, was preparing a larger field of activity for Miss Williams.

At this point the Very Reverend Ignatius Lissner, Provincial of the Fathers of the Society of African Missions, enters our story. He had been meeting with difficulties in obtaining Sisters to teach in his schools and do social work among the people. (His Society has all the Negro Missions

in Georgia, and another in Los Angeles, Calif.) When Father Lissner mentioned this need to the Right Reverend Benjamin Keiley, D. D., Bishop of Savannah, His Excellency suggested something worthy of this indefatigable priest. Why not found a community of his own to whom this branch of the work could be entrusted?

Our sincere friend of the Negro was nothing loath to follow his advice. With his decision, however, came the problem of enlisting a woman fully capable of carrying out the strenuous program. But Providence came to his assistance.

In 1917 Father Lissner approached Miss Elizabeth Williams, who was then in Philadelphia. She gladly assented with all the burdens and responsibilities of the new project. The following year found her in Savannah, organizing the new community with the wholehearted approval of Right Reverend Bishop Keiley. Mother Theodore Williams was appointed Superior and placed in charge of a small group of young women. Henceforth her life story will be that of the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary.

The first days were trying ones. Their house was small and poorly furnished. Day by day for three years Mother Theodore was obliged to beg the bread of the poor for her spiritual children.

*Facts borrowed copiously from Father Lefarge's article appearing in the September, 1931 issue of *Our Colored Missions* and from the June, 1930 issue of *St. Augustine's Messenger*.



HANDMAIDS OF THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY, 1929

Mother M. Theodore is seated second from the right

After six months the first postulants entered. The feast of the Assumption, 1920, witnessed the first five happy aspirants receiving the habit. God was blessing the work.

Soon a heavy trial came. Influenza visited the small community, carrying off one of the five Novices. Mother Theodore, however, would not allow her bereaved household to stagger under the blow. They had now a little Sister, she assured them, to plead their cause face to face with their Eternal Spouse.

In a way the work prospered. A day school was opened. The sick, the infirm, the needy, the poor, the aged, the orphaned—all were sharing their attention. On the other hand, hard times still persisted; necessary funds were not always forthcoming. Mother Theodore's religious experience had given her reason to fear that their location in the far South would retard the growth of the congregation.

Accordingly with the permission of their Bishop and at the invitation of His Eminence,

(Continued on Page 18)

The Negro and the Catholic Church

A TRUE STORY

The Catholic Church, guided by the experience gained in christening and civilizing the people of other nations, and with the remembrance of the splendid accomplishments of the past to show her the way, has never deemed the human and spiritual possibilities of the Negro to be hopeless.

In our own day there has been more than one example of what the Church can make of the Negro. It was only in the spring of 1916, that there was buried from the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, of New York City, a man who had lived a life of hidden sanctity.

John Loyd Smith was born in Washington, where his parents attended the Baptist church. They were deeply religious people, as most Negroes are who take their religion seriously. And as is the case with so many of the colored people of the South, they were not free from prejudice against the Catholic Church. As the youngster refused to go to his own church, though he was frequently seen to follow the Catholic boys as far as the church of the Jesuit Fathers, Loyd's mother threatened to send him to the black-robed priest, of whom he stood in mortal terror. At last, one day, she took him, all a tremble, to St. Aloysius' rectory, and explained to the priest that, since she could not induce her son to come to her own church, she was willing that he should be instructed in the Catholic

faith—"for," she added, "to some church he must go, if he is to grow up to be a good man." The priest won over the trembling lad by kind words. On appointed days he instructed him in the rudiments of the faith and soon had the happiness of pouring on his head the regenerating water of baptism and of leading him with swelling heart and beaming face to the table of the Lord.

At an early age Loyd entered the service of the Pullman Car Company as a cook, making regular runs from New York to St. Louis and return. Whenever a priest happened to be traveling on his division, his joy was evident to all. For him there would be no sleep that night, since he took it upon himself, all unbidden, to watch through the long, dark hours lest any manner of evil befall the Lord's anointed.

Whenever his employment permitted, he was found each morning at Mass. No inclemency of weather could keep him away from his morning devotions. If visiting priests happened to be at the rectory, he soon discovered it and would remain for their Masses. In the evening he would return to the foot of the altar and in the gathering darkness of the sacred place would kneel bolt upright,—this must have been a sore strain on one of his huge dimensions, for he weighed only 300 pounds—saying the beads and the few prayers he knew by heart. From the days when as a boy he saw the

Sacred Host uplifted in the glittering monstrance, to the last hours of his life, when the King of Glory, within the narrow confines of a golden pyx, came to his poor home, the Blessed Sacrament was the one great devotion of this poor colored man's life. Perhaps the happiest moments of his life were those mornings when adult converts made their first Holy Communion. Indeed, it may be said that the Blessed Sacrament was the source of his whole spiritual life.

"Loyd," as he was called, was a staunch Holy Name man, and many an emphatic protest did he make against profanity whether uttered by Catholic or Protestant. When traveling on the train, he proudly wore his Holy Name button, and was always ready to explain its meaning.

A number of years before his death, infirmities began to overtake him. He did not regret overmuch that age forced him out of actual service on the Pullman, since this inactivity gave him the opportunity to exercise a higher and nobler activity, an activity which he recognized to be the one thing that really matters; namely, the persistent effort to try to

grow always into a more conscious union with the Master.

Not long before his death it became evident that his end was not far off. His cheerfulness continued unabated. His patience was a marvel to all who were near him. His submission to the will of God was so perfect and unquestioning that those who witnessed it said to themselves that it must be a special reward. With the true passion of a saint, he kept on

praying during his last days that God would make the cross of his infirmities just a little heavier. When he died, his observers said, a serene smile, such as we see on the faces of God's saints, lit up his large, honest countenance as with a glow.



OUR NEW PROFESSORS

To the parishioners of St. Benedict, Loyd was during his lifetime a model and an example. Everybody loved him because it was evident that he was a chosen soul. The priests who ministered in the church held him in the highest respect, because to them he was a living example of the refining power of the Catholic faith. No doubt here and there throughout the land there is some priest who still remembers having been ministered to while on a journey by this humble, devout Negro—John Loyd Smith.

The Negro and the Catholic Church

A TRUE STORY

The Catholic Church, guided by the experience gained in christening and civilizing the people of other nations, and with the remembrance of the splendid accomplishments of the past to show her the way, has never deemed the human and spiritual possibilities of the Negro to be hopeless.

In our own day there has been more than one example of what the Church can make of the Negro. It was only in the spring of 1916, that there was buried from the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, of New York City, a man who had lived a life of hidden sanctity.

John Loyd Smith was born in Washington, where his parents attended the Baptist church. They were deeply religious people, as most Negroes are who take their religion seriously. And as is the case with so many of the colored people of the South, they were not free from prejudice against the Catholic Church. As the youngster refused to go to his own church, though he was frequently seen to follow the Catholic boys as far as the church of the Jesuit Fathers, Loyd's mother threatened to send him to the black-robed priest, of whom he stood in mortal terror. At last, one day, she took him, all a tremble, to St. Aloysius' rectory, and explained to the priest that, since she could not induce her son to come to her own church, she was willing that he should be instructed in the Catholic

faith—"for," she added, "to some church he must go, if he is to grow up to be a good man." The priest won over the trembling lad by kind words. On appointed days he instructed him in the rudiments of the faith and soon had the happiness of pouring on his head the regenerating water of baptism and of leading him with swelling heart and beaming face to the table of the Lord.

At an early age Loyd entered the service of the Pullman Car Company as a cook, making regular runs from New York to St. Louis and return. Whenever a priest happened to be traveling on his division, his joy was evident to all. For him there would be no sleep that night, since he took it upon himself, all unbidden, to watch through the long, dark hours lest any manner of evil befall the Lord's anointed.

Whenever his employment permitted, he was found each morning at Mass. No inclemency of weather could keep him away from his morning devotions. If visiting priests happened to be at the rectory, he soon discovered it and would remain for their Masses. In the evening he would return to the foot of the altar and in the gathering darkness of the sacred place would kneel bolt upright,—this must have been a sore strain on one of his huge dimensions, for he weighed only 300 pounds—saying the beads and the few prayers he knew by heart. From the days when as a boy he saw the

Sacred Host uplifted in the glittering monstrance, to the last hours of his life, when the King of Glory, within the narrow confines of a golden pyx, came to his poor home, the Blessed Sacrament was the one great devotion of this poor colored man's life. Perhaps the happiest moments of his life were those mornings when adult converts made their first Holy Communion. Indeed, it may be said that the Blessed Sacrament was the source of his whole spiritual life.

"Loyd," as he was called, was a staunch Holy Name man, and many an emphatic protest did he make against profanity whether uttered by Catholic or Protestant. When traveling on the train, he proudly wore his Holy Name button, and was always ready to explain its meaning.

A number of years before his death, infirmities began to overtake him. He did not regret overmuch that age forced him out of actual service on the Pullman, since this inactivity gave him the opportunity to exercise a higher and nobler activity, an activity which he recognized to be the one thing that really matters; namely, the persistent effort to try to

grow always into a more conscious union with the Master.

Not long before his death it became evident that his end was not far off. His cheerfulness continued unabated. His patience was a marvel to all who were near him. His submission to the will of God was so perfect and unquestioning that those who witnessed it said to themselves that it must be a special reward. With the true passion of a saint, he kept on

praying during his last days that God would make the cross of his infirmities just a little heavier. When he died, his observers said, a serene smile, such as we see on the faces of God's saints, lit up his large, honest countenance as with a glow.



OUR NEW PROFESSORS

To the parishioners of St. Benedict, Loyd was during his lifetime a model and an example. Everybody loved him because it was evident that he was a chosen soul. The priests who ministered in the church held him in the highest respect, because to them he was a living example of the refining power of the Catholic faith. No doubt here and there throughout the land there is some priest who still remembers having been ministered to while on a journey by this humble, devout Negro—John Loyd Smith.

Mission News

NEW SUPERIOR

Early in July the new superiors of the American Province of the Society of the Divine Word were announced. Of these, one interests us especially, since it concerns our Southern Missions. The Very Reverend Hermann J. Patzelt, S. V. D., was appointed to succeed the Very Reverend Carl Wolf, S. V. D., who for the past nine years has so ably filled this position of Superior in the South.

Father Patzelt, the new Superior, was born in Germany on February 20th, 1885, and was ordained to the holy priesthood just 25 years later, on February 6th, 1910. Soon thereafter he received his appointment for the foreign missions of Togo, Africa, where he worked for the natives until near the outbreak of the war, when he was in Europe on a vacation, and hence was not able to return again to his mission.

In 1921 he came to America, and after three years as Vice Rector and professor at Sacred Heart Mission House, Girard, Pa., Father Patzelt began his labors in our Southern Negro Missions. During his five years as pastor of St. Bartholomew Church, Little Rock, Ark., he did much for the parish, building the Sisters' Convent and making more than 100 converts.

Father Patzelt's real work began, however, in 1929 when he was appointed Director of Holy Rosary Institute, Lafayette, La., which since its foun-

dation had received the devoted interest of the Right Reverend Monsignor P. L. Keller.

Holy Rosary Institute is the only Catholic boarding school for colored girls in this section of the country, and is a fully accredited High School and Teachers' Training School. During his two short years there, Father Patzelt proved his natural ability to direct, by erecting an annex to the building which included a much-needed chapel. He also installed a complete new heating plant to replace the one which could no more do service.

There is no doubt that Father Patzelt will work as untiringly for the Southern Missions as he has in all his undertakings in the past, and hence, we congratulate the Southern Missions on their new Superior.

— :: —

SAINT AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH AND SCHOOL NORTH LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

In September, 1929, the little mission of St. Augustine was established for the colored of North Little Rock, Ark., with the Rev. J. H. Harmon, S. V. D., in charge. On August 20, 1931, after two years of energetic work, Father Harmon was sent into another field of labor, and Rev. A. G. Steig, S. V. D., was appointed to succeed him. It may be of interest, therefore, to consider a few facts which will show how rapidly this little mission has grown in its two years of ex-

istence under the zealous care of Father Harmon and the Sisters who teach in the school.

The Catholics at present number fifty-three, all of whom were baptized within two years. About ten of this number are infants, while the rest are still of school age. There are no adult members of the Church as yet, but we are hopeful for the future.

The colored people here are principally Methodists and Baptists. Judging from the many Protestant churches for Negroes here, it would seem that very much has been done in the past to make this city a Protestant stronghold. Consequently, it is not very easy to get the grown-ups to embrace the Catholic faith. But be it said in their favor, that these people, though Protestant, are very tolerant concerning their children's attending our school. The parents of our pupils are very broad-minded in this respect; but when the question of *their* becoming Catholics is broached, they begin to object: "Oh, I am so old now; and I have been a Baptist (or Methodist, as the case may be) for so many years, why should I make a change now? I am satisfied with what I have."

In spite of all this, we feel sure that soon a break will be made in these formidable ranks of Protestants, and that the adult converts will file, one after the other, into the true fold. For if the parents of our children-converts are so liberal and broad-minded concerning the religion of their little ones, then surely some day God will grant them the gift of faith, and they will join the Catholic

Church as did their children before them.

Our school is the main means of converting the children. The enrollment at present is ninety-five, of whom about one-half are Catholic. All the children, regardless of their religion, attend the religious instructions, and so the non-Catholics, almost naturally, will become Catholics, provided that the parents do not object, and that they promise to do what they can to make it possible for their children to do all that our Holy Religion requires of them.

Concerning the children, they cling faithfully to the teachings of the Catholic Church. It is indeed surprising to find such faith among these mere youngsters, some of whom are not entirely free, even yet, from some of their old, deep-rooted, Protestant ideas. For example, as Protestants they were not obliged to go to Church on Sunday, nor did it make any difference, whenever they did go, whether they attended the morning or evening services, and naturally they generally chose the latter. So when they become Catholics they conscientiously attend the evening devotions, but concerning attendance at Holy Mass, it must be pointed out to them again and again just what it means to be absent from Mass on Sundays and Holy days. However, they are improving in this regard, for on the last Sunday of September, towards the end of the sermon, everyone was present except four or five children.

(Continued on Page 19)

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
P e r p e t u a l
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, M a r y,
s h o w t h y
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the h u m a n
race.*



Dear Friend:

Because of unavoidable circumstances the Novena Circular did not reach you during the last few months. During this time, nevertheless, the monthly Novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help was conducted from the 1st to 9th of each month. Your intentions, of course, were included in these Novenas to Our Lady.

We also wish to announce the following change: The Novena Circular will be published four times a year, alternately with our St. Augustine's Messenger. In each issue the Novena intentions will be announced.

Again, we ask you to send your intentions which you wish us to remember in our monthly Novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorial

"God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. 2:4). Yes, this is the will of God, so clearly evidenced in the life of Our Lord and in the words which fell so often from His lips.

"Going therefore, teach all nations." (Matt. 28:19). These words Jesus spoke to the Apostles and their successors in order that the true faith might not be restricted to a few. Our Holy Father, the Pope of the Missions, also expressed this command when, in his encyclical on the Missions, he appealed for a native clergy. Concerning the colored clergy he even said expressly: "If we wish to accomplish some solid and useful work in this field, it is indispensable that priests of the same race shall make it their life-task to lead these peoples to the Christian faith."

A native clergy! This is the purpose of St. Augustine's Seminary—to train members of the Negro race for work amongst their own people. Through this clergy it is hoped that a greater number of the race will be brought into the true fold. The desire of the Holy Father must also be the desire of Christ Himself, since he is Christ's Vicar on earth.

The work of St. Augustine's has been progressing year by year ever since its humble beginning in 1920. But just as any other undertaking it needs friends who show their deep interest in the cause.

Thanks to the generous efforts of our students during the summer vacation, many more friends have been added to our list. We appreciate this addition all the more since it comes to us during these turbulent times. You have proven your interest in the work of Christ, in the spread of His kingdom amongst all races and we hope that we will be able to keep you interested through the pages of this periodical.

If each one of you could interest yet another friend and ask them to subscribe, or at least send us their name, we would be most grateful. God knows that we too are in need these days, but we are, with St. Paul, "confident of this very thing, that he, who begun a good work in us, will perfect it unto the day of Christ Jesus." (Phil. 1, 6.)

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary,
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



Dear Friend:

Because of unavoidable circumstances the Novena Circular did not reach you during the last few months. During this time, nevertheless, the monthly Novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help was conducted from the 1st to 9th of each month. Your intentions, of course, were included in these Novenas to Our Lady.

We also wish to announce the following change: The Novena Circular will be published four times a year, alternately with our St. Augustine's Messenger. In each issue the Novena intentions will be announced.

Again, we ask you to send your intentions which you wish us to remember in our monthly Novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editorial

"God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. 2:4). Yes, this is the will of God, so clearly evidenced in the life of Our Lord and in the words which fell so often from His lips.

"Going therefore, teach all nations." (Matt. 28:19). These words Jesus spoke to the Apostles and their successors in order that the true faith might not be restricted to a few. Our Holy Father, the Pope of the Missions, also expressed this command when, in his encyclical on the Missions, he appealed for a native clergy. Concerning the colored clergy he even said expressly: "If we wish to accomplish some solid and useful work in this field, it is indispensable that priests of the same race shall make it their life-task to lead these peoples to the Christian faith."

A native clergy! This is the purpose of St. Augustine's Seminary—to train members of the Negro race for work amongst their own people. Through this clergy it is hoped that a greater number of the race will be brought into the true fold. The desire of the Holy Father must also be the desire of Christ Himself, since he is Christ's Vicar on earth.

The work of St. Augustine's has been progressing year by year ever since its humble beginning in 1920. But just as any other undertaking it needs friends who show their deep interest in the cause.

Thanks to the generous efforts of our students during the summer vacation, many more friends have been added to our list. We appreciate this addition all the more since it comes to us during these turbulent times. You have proven your interest in the work of Christ, in the spread of His kingdom amongst all races and we hope that we will be able to keep you interested through the pages of this periodical.

If each one of you could interest yet another friend and ask them to subscribe, or at least send us their name, we would be most grateful. God knows that we too are in need these days, but we are, with St. Paul, "confident of this very thing, that he, who begun a good work in us, will perfect it unto the day of Christ Jesus." (Phil. 1, 6.)

Homeward Bound

By a Student

R-r-r ring! went the alarm clock, early in the morning of June 8th, and noisily announced to the students of St. Augustine's the arrival of that long-looked-for-day, the day of their journey homeward for the summer vacation. But for five of us it was, besides this, the day set for the beginning of what was to be a novel experiment—an auto trip home, including a short tour of some of the southern and eastern states.

After Mass in the Seminary Chapel, we had breakfast and then made the final preparations for the trip. By ten o'clock all was ready, so we bade farewell to Rev. Father Prefect and the remaining students and piled into our 1929-model flivver. In another moment we rolled from the portals of our Alma Mater and went rattling down the Old Spanish Trail. Over the bridge across the Bay we went, enjoying the cool breeze; then through Pass Christian, to Gulfport, where we turned north on to the state highway that leads to Meridian, Miss. The rustic scenery along the road was a treat, especially for two of our party who had never traveled in the Southland before: quaint looking farmhouses, acres upon acres of tall pines and great oaks, long stretches of cotton, corn, watermelons, and other southern products, all helped to make this first lap of the journey interesting. A few hours more of riding over dusty

roads, and we were in Meridian, the first stop-over of our long trip.

Here we were greeted by Rev. Carl Wolf, S. V. D., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, who acted as host to our party. The venerable Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, who are stationed at this mission, did much to make things pleasant, especially by preparing very tasty and delicious meals for us. After supper we attended Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Church, and a little later we sought our downy couches for a little repose, of which we were then much in need.

The next morning, Tuesday, June 9th, Father Wolf celebrated Holy Mass at six o'clock, half an hour earlier than the usual summer schedule, so that we might receive our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion before beginning the second part of our homeward journey. Immediately after breakfast, we inspected the buildings of the mission station. Then, after expressing thanks to Father Wolf and the good Sisters, we bade them good-bye, climbed into our "Covered Wagon," and were soon rolling merrily along across the State of Alabama.

All day the hot sun beat down and the dust clouds flew up. The Alabama highways are just grand: without any effort on our part we were able to fill our lungs with fresh air

and stale dust at the same time. We finally hove in sight of the buildings of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, our destination for the day. We drove to the Administration Building to seek accommodations for the night. Due to the number of teachers and students attending the summer classes then in session we were unable to get accommodations at the Institute proper; instead we were lodged at the private home of one of the teachers. One of the students showed us everything of interest at the Institute, after which little sight-seeing tour we retired, so as to get an early start the next morning.

We arose at 4:30 the following morning and started on the third leg of our journey. With the whole State of Georgia before us, we had but one intention, and that was to get through it and as far away from it as possible by nightfall. After about thirteen hours of continuous riding, we crossed the Georgia-South Carolina boundary line at six p. m. We put up at a little hamlet for the night.

It was five bells the next morning, when we started out to erase a few miles more from our schedule of approximately two thousand. The fog was rather dense, but we managed to travel at a good speed, since the highway was almost deserted so early in the morning. Two hours later, when the fog

began to lift, we witnessed a beautiful Carolina sunrise. In the eastern skies a huge red ball slowly rose from behind the great mountains and gradually caused the bedewed meadows to sparkle as a green carpet sprinkled with a myriad of scintillating jewels.

By 8 a. m. we were in Charleston, S. C., where we made a short visit to the Venerable Oblate Sisters of Providence stationed at St. Katherine's Convent. We were received with that courtesy and hospitality which only Sisters know how to extend, and each one of us was indeed grateful—even down to our mascot "Semy," a little two-months-old Eskimo Spitz, whom the good Sisters, after giving him a bath and putting a pink ribbon around his neck, surnamed "Snowball." After a few pleasant moments we said good-bye, and were soon on our way again, climbing mountains, coasting into valleys, and speeding through hamlets, all the while discussing the various farm products growing along our way. In the evening

(Continued on Page 20)



READY FOR THE START

Homeward Bound

By a Student

R-r-r ring! went the alarm clock, early in the morning of June 8th, and noisily announced to the students of St. Augustine's the arrival of that long-looked-for-day, the day of their journey homeward for the summer vacation. But for five of us it was, besides this, the day set for the beginning of what was to be a novel experiment—an auto trip home, including a short tour of some of the southern and eastern states.

After Mass in the Seminary Chapel, we had breakfast and then made the final preparations for the trip. By ten o'clock all was ready, so we bade farewell to Rev. Father Prefect and the remaining students and piled into our 1929-model flivver. In another moment we rolled from the portals of our Alma Mater and went rattling down the Old Spanish Trail. Over the bridge across the Bay we went, enjoying the cool breeze; then through Pass Christian, to Gulfport, where we turned north on to the state highway that leads to Meridian, Miss. The rustic scenery along the road was a treat, especially for two of our party who had never traveled in the Southland before: quaint looking farmhouses, acres upon acres of tall pines and great oaks, long stretches of cotton, corn, watermelons, and other southern products, all helped to make this first lap of the journey interesting. A few hours more of riding over dusty

roads, and we were in Meridian, the first stop-over of our long trip.

Here we were greeted by Rev. Carl Wolf, S. V. D., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, who acted as host to our party. The venerable Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, who are stationed at this mission, did much to make things pleasant, especially by preparing very tasty and delicious meals for us. After supper we attended Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Church, and a little later we sought our downy couches for a little repose, of which we were then much in need.

The next morning, Tuesday, June 9th, Father Wolf celebrated Holy Mass at six o'clock, half an hour earlier than the usual summer schedule, so that we might receive our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion before beginning the second part of our homeward journey. Immediately after breakfast, we inspected the buildings of the mission station. Then, after expressing thanks to Father Wolf and the good Sisters, we bade them good-bye, climbed into our "Covered Wagon," and were soon rolling merrily along across the State of Alabama.

All day the hot sun beat down and the dust clouds flew up. The Alabama highways are just grand: without any effort on our part we were able to fill our lungs with fresh air

and stale dust at the same time. We finally hove in sight of the buildings of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, our destination for the day. We drove to the Administration Building to seek accommodations for the night. Due to the number of teachers and students attending the summer classes then in session we were unable to get accommodations at the Institute proper; instead we were lodged at the private home of one of the teachers. One of the students showed us everything of interest at the Institute, after which little sight-seeing tour we retired, so as to get an early start the next morning.

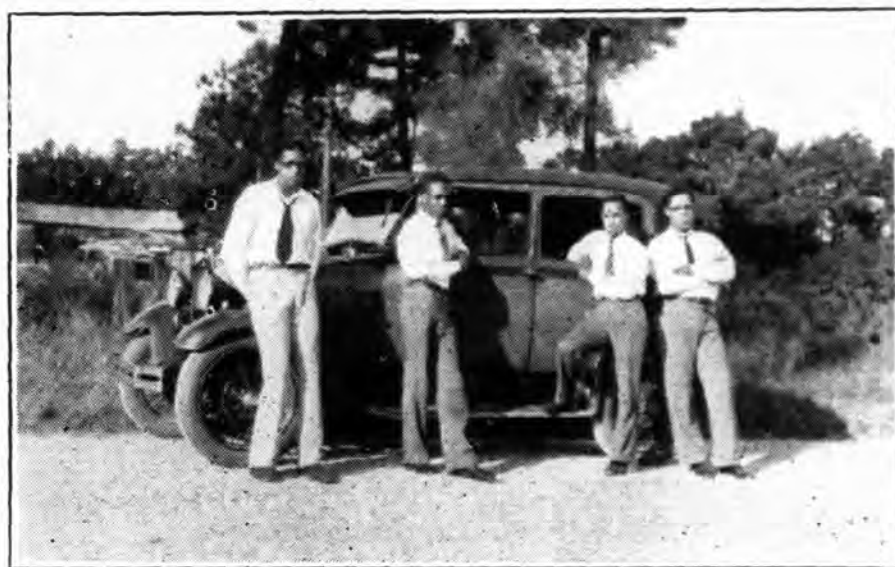
We arose at 4:30 the following morning and started on the third leg of our journey. With the whole State of Georgia before us, we had but one intention, and that was to get through it and as far away from it as possible by nightfall. After about thirteen hours of continuous riding, we crossed the Georgia-South Carolina boundary line at six p. m. We put up at a little hamlet for the night.

It was five bells the next morning, when we started out to erase a few miles more from our schedule of approximately two thousand. The fog was rather dense, but we managed to travel at a good speed, since the highway was almost deserted so early in the morning. Two hours later, when the fog

began to lift, we witnessed a beautiful Carolina sunrise. In the eastern skies a huge red ball slowly rose from behind the great mountains and gradually caused the bedewed meadows to sparkle as a green carpet sprinkled with a myriad of scintillating jewels.

By 8 a. m. we were in Charleston, S. C., where we made a short visit to the Venerable Oblate Sisters of Providence stationed at St. Katherine's Convent. We were received with that courtesy and hospitality which only Sisters know how to extend, and each one of us was indeed grateful—even down to our mascot "Semy," a little two-months-old Eskimo Spitz, whom the good Sisters, after giving him a bath and putting a pink ribbon around his neck, surnamed "Snowball." After a few pleasant moments we said good-bye, and were soon on our way again, climbing mountains, coasting into valleys, and speeding through hamlets, all the while discussing the various farm products growing along our way. In the evening

(Continued on Page 20)



READY FOR THE START

Briefly

If you ask any of the priests and sisters on the colored missions, who is the life saver of their schools, with one accord they will answer: "Father Kramer." He is the Director General of The Catholic Board for Mission Work Among the Colored People. We herewith quote a paragraph from an editorial of this enthusiastic worker that appeared in *Our Colored Missions*.

"It's our belief that salvation will be brought to the South through the Negro, and that the Catholic Church will flourish in proportion to its efforts towards the conversion of the millions of black men and women. This belief is founded on our Lord's words: 'Without me, you can do nothing.' On His other words: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. Wherefore He hath annointed me to preach the gospel to the poor.' On the note, pointed out, whereby St. John was to know Him as the Messiah: 'The poor have the gospel preached to them.' On paganism's taunt, launched against the Church which conquered, that She was the communion of 'slaves and beggars.' God is absolutely necessary! History repeats itself!"

The following quotation which appeared some years ago in the *Toledo Record*, is a tribute to our missionary nuns that shows how remarkable is their work itself, and how profoundly it impresses the Protestant observer who does not comprehend the spirit that animates the apostolic soul:

"Not long ago, in distant Algiers, North Africa, an American tourist visited the leper colony there out of pure curiosity. These poor lepers were cared for by a community of Sisters.

"The gentleman was attracted by one of these self-sacrificing women because of her youth, beauty and refinement, and to his surprise he learned that she was an American girl. Being introduced to her, he said:

"Sister, I would not do this work for \$10,000 a year."

"No; said the Sister, 'nor would I do it for \$100,000 nor a million a year.'

"Really", said the stranger, "you surprise me. What, then, do you receive?"

"Nothing", was the reply, "absolutely nothing."

"Then why do you do it?"

The Sister lifted the crucifix that was pending from her rosary and sweetly kissing it, said:

"I do it for the love of Him, for Jesus Who died for love of them and for the love of me. In the loathsome ulcers of these poor lepers I see the wounds of my crowned and crucified Saviour." (Selected.)

Reads an editorial in *Opportunity*:

"Mid-summer witnessed the passing of Dr. Daniel Williams, distinguished Negro surgeon of Chicago who wrote his name large in the annals of American surgery by performing the first successful operation on the human heart. In his case the curious racial obsession of America by which an infinitesimal amount of Negro blood consigns one to the plodding ranks of the Negro worked immeasurable good. He offered the consummate skill of sensitive hands to the alleviation of the ills of his fellowmen, black and white. . . To the end of his life, though his time was claimed by the halt and maimed, he was a staunch and uncompromising champion of the rights of his people. And in his death America loses not only a great surgeon, but a great man."

We believe the following is a very commendable stand to be taken by our President:

"Lawlessness of the gross type, of which members of the colored race often are victims, is a feature of our national life which deserves condemnation and suppression. Every citizen is entitled to the full protection of the law and to absolute justice. To make that ideal an actuality is one of my strongest aspirations, as it is of the nation, and to its accomplishment the government and all good citizens will pledge their devoted effort."

It is interesting to note the following observation of Mr. Charles T. Alexander in the *Western Recorder*, concerning the drifting of the Negro to Mohammedanism.

"With three Mohammedan mosques in Chicago, and the present claim already of approximately 300,000 Mohammedan Negroes in America, we may well take heed to what is going on quietly in our midst . . . He is breaking from the old moorings of his historic Christian faith as given him by the Protestant and evangelical people. . . When the drift gains momentum, he will turn upon his own Christian leaders as but puppets and imitators of the 'white man's' religion. It will be then too late for us to talk about the 'evangelization of the Negroes of America' . . . And what will result in our Christian missions in Africa when American Negroes turn to Mohammedanism?"

"This drift from the moorings of their Christian faith comes from the leadership of those who have been educated in the large universities of the land, which are now saturated with the cult of Modernism and destroying the only faith the Negro has known with a pagan philosophy of human life and human destiny. The sad fact is they have not an educated and trained ministry for the pastorates who can offset the influences of pagan education that is becoming a dominant force in the leadership of the race. Pagan education in America is thus ruining the highest prospects of the Negro in America by setting him adrift from his moorings and destroy-

ing the world objectives that were beginning to dawn before him as an evangelical Christian people. . . ."

Interesting and worthy of note is the following announcement made some months ago by a Protestant organization, the Home Missions Council of North America, that 10,000 villages in America are without churches of any kind—30,000 are without any resident pastor—13,400,000 children under 12 years of age receive no religious instruction. What a pity that the budding minds of so many of our future men and women are deprived of this most necessary kind of instruction and the wholesome influence it gives the character.



Remembering the Suffering Souls

(Continued from page 3)

"Have mercy on me, at least you, my friends." Parents, have you no compassion for your suffering children? Children, is your love for your parents to terminate just at the moment that their real sufferings commence? And what of those who have no friends? Will you pay no heed to their interests? Will you be deaf to the voice of those suffering?

During this month we should strive to remember the poor souls. The Church commends the holy souls to our charity every day of November. The faithfulness with which we exercise this act of mercy now, toward the suffering souls, will be the guarantee of like mercy and charity that will be extended to us, when these present poor souls for whom we pray are happy souls in Heaven and we are suffering souls in purgatory.



Seminary Notes

Back Again

"Happy days are here again." This is the theme song of every loyal student when he returns to his Alma Mater to continue his studies for another year,—believe it or not. September seventh was the scheduled day for registration. The older boys, and new students came in at all hours of the day, and at supper the refectory again re-echoed with their youthful voices and care-free laughter. There was no holding them down. Nor was time given anyone to become homesick, for all were busy unpacking, purchasing books, becoming acquainted, and getting settled down in general before classes began on September eleventh. The new school year was officially opened September tenth with a Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, asking His special blessing and graces. To make it a perfect day the "Stribling-Schmelling Film" was procured for the evening entertainment. At present we have thirty-seven students in the college department, thirteen of them being new.

Renewal of Vows

The renewal of vows by our six theologians was held during a Solemn Low Mass on September eighth, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The following day the southbound train from Chicago brought two more Seminarians from the Novitiate at East Troy, Wis., where they had spent two years in spiritual training. Here at the Seminary they will continue their study of philosophy and theology. Our Seminarians now total eight.

The Old Professors

August fifth witnessed the departure of two prominent members of our faculty. The Rev. A. G. Steig, S. V. D., who has been at the Seminary for many years and who for some months was Acting Rector after the death of Father Christman, has been appointed pastor of one of our missions at North Little Rock, Ark. He has been ever zealous for the colored cause and we wish him Godspeed. The Rev. A. Elsbernd, S. V. D., is now in Rome for a two-year post-graduate course in philosophy. After that time we expect to see him back here in his professorial chair with

a doctor's degree. Another member of last year's faculty left us soon after the close of school. The Rev. H. Jungbluth, S. V. D., was transferred to Sacred Heart Mission House, Gerard, Pa., where he is continuing his work as college professor.

And the New

The picture on page 7 shows you the three new professors. Rev. C. Baker, S. V. D., and Rev. J. Busch, S. V. D., are the newly ordained. This is their first year on the faculty staff. Father Baker is successfully imparting the principles of Philosophy, while Father Busch, besides teaching, is the new Assistant Prefect.

No! We haven't forgotten about the other personage on the picture—Rev. N. Shuler, S. V. D. During the last five years he was teaching at St. Francis Xavier Mission House, Island Creek, Mass. The art of teaching is nothing new to him. He is, with ease, filling (and how!) the professor's chair of English and History. The three Fathers found a hearty welcome at "The Bay" and they all seem to enjoy the country, not to mention the climate.

Uniforms Donated

The students for the past year, 'with tears in their eyes,' were asking for a new set of baseball uniforms. Now their little hearts are satisfied. Through the influence of Father Shuler a complete set of uniforms was procured from Judge Emil E. Fuchs, the President of the Boston



A few of our new students ready for work on a free day

National League. We herewith wish to extend our heartfelt appreciation and thanks to Judge Fuchs, and to his secretary, Mr. Edmond P. Cunningham for the gift to our seminarians. The team will now play regular big league ball, wearing the uniforms of the "Braves."

Students' Retreat

When the students return from a more or less care-free vacation the one big thing (and "awfully difficult" they say) is to get back to their books, study, and diligent application. The concentration arising from study is a most necessary preliminary for the making of a good retreat. That is why the students have their



Seminary Notes

Back Again

"Happy days are here again." This is the theme song of every loyal student when he returns to his Alma Mater to continue his studies for another year,—believe it or not. September seventh was the scheduled day for registration. The older boys, and new students came in at all hours of the day, and at supper the refectory again re-echoed with their youthful voices and care-free laughter. There was no holding them down. Nor was time given anyone to become homesick, for all were busy unpacking, purchasing books, becoming acquainted, and getting settled down in general before classes began on September eleventh. The new school year was officially opened September tenth with a Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, asking His special blessing and graces. To make it a perfect day the "Stribling-Schmelling Film" was procured for the evening entertainment. At present we have thirty-seven students in the college department, thirteen of them being new.

Renewal of Vows

The renewal of vows by our six theologians was held during a Solemn Low Mass on September eighth, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The following day the southbound train from Chicago brought two more Seminarians from the Novitiate at East Troy, Wis., where they had spent two years in spiritual training. Here at the Seminary they will continue their study of philosophy and theology. Our Seminarians now total eight.

The Old Professors

August fifth witnessed the departure of two prominent members of our faculty. The Rev. A. G. Steig, S. V. D., who has been at the Seminary for many years and who for some months was Acting Rector after the death of Father Christman, has been appointed pastor of one of our missions at North Little Rock, Ark. He has been ever zealous for the colored cause and we wish him Godspeed. The Rev. A. Elsbernd, S. V. D., is now in Rome for a two-year post-graduate course in philosophy. After that time we expect to see him back here in his professorial chair with

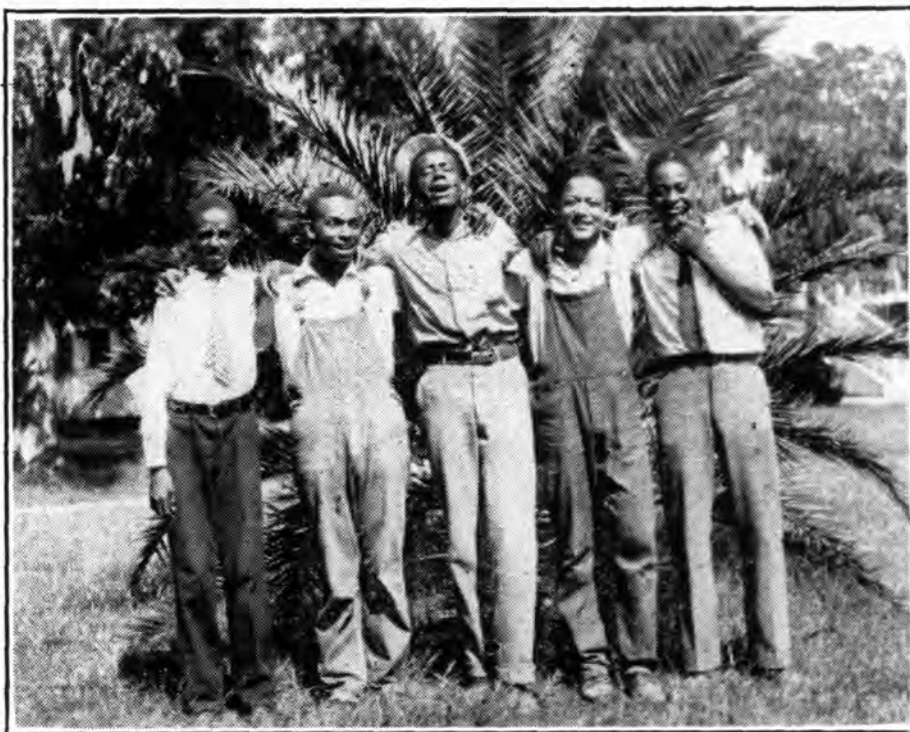
a doctor's degree. Another member of last year's faculty left us soon after the close of school. The Rev. H. Jungbluth, S. V. D., was transferred to Sacred Heart Mission House, Gerard, Pa., where he is continuing his work as college professor.

And the New

The picture on page 7 shows you the three new professors. Rev. C. Baker, S. V. D., and Rev. J. Busch, S. V. D., are the newly ordained. This is their first year on the faculty staff. Father Baker is successfully imparting the principles of Philosophy, while Father Busch, besides teaching, is the new Assistant Prefect. No! We haven't forgotten about the other personage on the picture—Rev. N. Shuler, S. V. D. During the last five years he was teaching at St. Francis Xavier Mission House, Island Creek, Mass. The art of teaching is nothing new to him. He is, with ease, filling (and how!) the professor's chair of English and History. The three Fathers found a hearty welcome at "The Bay" and they all seem to enjoy the country, not to mention the climate.

Uniforms Donated

The students for the past year, 'with tears in their eyes,' were asking for a new set of baseball uniforms. Now their little hearts are satisfied. Through the influence of Father Shuler a complete set of uniforms was procured from Judge Emil E. Fuchs, the President of the Boston



A few of our new students ready for work on a free day

National League. We herewith wish to extend our heartfelt appreciation and thanks to Judge Fuchs, and to his secretary, Mr. Edmond P. Cunningham for the gift to our seminarians. The team will now play regular big league ball, wearing the uniforms of the "Braves."

Students' Retreat

When the students return from a more or less care-free vacation the one big thing (and "awfully difficult" they say) is to get back to their books, study, and diligent application. The concentration arising from study is a most necessary preliminary for the making of a good retreat. That is why the students have their

spiritual exercises some weeks after the new school term begins. The retreat brings to the mind the higher or spiritual motives for all their "hard" studying. Rev. Joseph P. Murphy, S. V. D., was the Retreat Master this year, and from all appearances the young and old "trees" are bearing good fruit.



TAKING A DIP IN THE BAY

Sports

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." After school hours the students make a grand rush to the play grounds. Why, even the hot weather experienced here during September could not hold them in check. Their motto is "Activity." Tennis courts are in constant use; volley ball is in full swing; the old reliable baseball game still held its charm during the warm days but has now bowed to old man football. On top of all this the chronicler found some of the youngsters taking a dip in the Gulf. Take a look at the picture and see for yourself if they are not enjoying themselves. Yes, "Activity" is the word and these boys have it.



The Late Mother Theodore (Continued from Page 5)

Cardinal Hayes, the community moved to New York City. The Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas O'Keefe, pastor of St. Benedict the Moor's Church, proposed to open a day nursery for the colored children of Harlem. This was to be the new field of labor for Mother

Theodore and her handful of zealous Sisters.

The following year, Monsignor O'Keefe, the spiritual director of the community, succeeded in his efforts to have them secure two houses in Harlem itself. After being remodeled these became the Mother House. By 1929 the Sisters were establishing a Novitiate

on Staten Island, N. Y. This gave them room enough in the Mother House to convert a portion of it into a well arranged working-girls' home.

October 11th, 1929, marked a great event for Mother Theodore, because on that day her congregation was formally established as a religious society.

This brings us to the fatal winter of 1930-31, when Mother Theodore's charity made her forget herself out of love of Christ. Her beloved poor were in straitened circumstances, many being on the verge of starvation. A soup kitchen must be opened! For two or three hours every day during the long winter months of New York City she was ladling soup to those feeling the pangs of hunger. Her strength began to waver, her body showed signs of over-exertion, her soul—NEVER. The burden she would not share with anyone else increased more and more. Mother Theodore broke down under the heavy weight and had to be confined to her bed.

Nothing of complaint ever came to her lips. On the contrary, she remarked to a Sister, "I have no regrets."

At first no one realized there was any serious danger during her two or three months of poor health. But in the beginning of July when her heart began to miss its accustomed beats, all her daughters in Christ were concerned about her condition. On the 12th of the month she was fortified by the Last Sacraments, and two days afterwards quite suddenly and quietly she breathed her

last. Surely each Handmaid of the Most Pure Heart of Mary must have remembered Mother Theodore's words after the first death in the community. They had now a loving Mother, too, to plead their cause before their Eternal Spouse!

At her death the community numbered twenty, fourteen being professed Sisters and six Novices and postulants. Their activity embraced St. Benedict's Parochial School, the Day Nursery, with accommodation for 86 children, a Home for Working Girls, a Christ Child Club, a Sodality for girls, and Social Service Work among non-Catholics and Catholics in Harlem as well as Greater New York.



Mission News

(Continued from Page 9)

On the other hand, one should not forget the many difficulties under which these children are living. Their parents, brothers, and sisters, and in fact all their surroundings are Protestant. Consider how hard it must be, for instance, for a child not to eat meat on Friday, while perhaps his mother and father, brothers and sisters, at the same table with him, are eating their usual portion of it.

To keep the commandments of the Church under such circumstances is assuredly not easy, yet in spite of all this, these youngsters are so much interested in the exact observance of their commands, that often on Thursdays one can hear them reminding one another that on the following day, Friday, they are permitted to eat meat. Of course,

spiritual exercises some weeks after the new school term begins. The retreat brings to the mind the higher or spiritual motives for all their "hard" studying. Rev. Joseph P. Murphy, S. V. D., was the Retreat Master this year, and from all appearances the young and old "trees" are bearing good fruit.



TAKING A DIP IN THE BAY

Sports

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." After school hours the students make a grand rush to the play grounds. Why, even the hot weather experienced here during September could not hold them in check. Their motto is "Activity." Tennis courts are in constant use; volley ball is in full swing; the old reliable baseball game still held its charm during the warm days but has now bowed to old man football. On top of all this the chronicler found some of the youngsters taking a dip in the Gulf. Take a look at the picture and see for yourself if they are not enjoying themselves. Yes, "Activity" is the word and these boys have it.



The Late Mother Theodore

(Continued from Page 5)

Cardinal Hayes, the community moved to New York City. The Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas O'Keefe, pastor of St. Benedict the Moor's Church, proposed to open a day nursery for the colored children of Harlem. This was to be the new field of labor for Mother

Theodore and her handful of zealous Sisters.

The following year, Monsignor O'Keefe, the spiritual director of the community, succeeded in his efforts to have them secure two houses in Harlem itself. After being remodeled these became the Mother House. By 1929 the Sisters were establishing a Novitiate

on Staten Island, N. Y. This gave them room enough in the Mother House to convert a portion of it into a well arranged working-girls' home.

October 11th, 1929, marked a great event for Mother Theodore, because on that day her congregation was formally established as a religious society.

This brings us to the fatal winter of 1930-31, when Mother Theodore's charity made her forget herself out of love of Christ. Her beloved poor were in straitened circumstances, many being on the verge of starvation. A soup kitchen must be opened! For two or three hours every day during the long winter months of New York City she was ladling soup to those feeling the pangs of hunger. Her strength began to waver, her body showed signs of over-exertion, her soul—NEVER. The burden she would not share with anyone else increased more and more. Mother Theodore broke down under the heavy weight and had to be confined to her bed.

Nothing of complaint ever came to her lips. On the contrary, she remarked to a Sister, "I have no regrets."

At first no one realized there was any serious danger during her two or three months of poor health. But in the beginning of July when her heart began to miss its accustomed beats, all her daughters in Christ were concerned about her condition. On the 12th of the month she was fortified by the Last Sacraments, and two days afterwards quite suddenly and quietly she breathed her

last. Surely each Handmaid of the Most Pure Heart of Mary must have remembered Mother Theodore's words after the first death in the community. They had now a loving Mother, too, to plead their cause before their Eternal Spouse!

At her death the community numbered twenty, fourteen being professed Sisters and six Novices and postulants. Their activity embraced St. Benedict's Parochial School, the Day Nursery, with accommodation for 86 children, a Home for Working Girls, a Christ Child Club, a Sodality for girls, and Social Service Work among non-Catholics and Catholics in Harlem as well as Greater New York.



Mission News

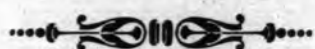
(Continued from Page 9)

On the other hand, one should not forget the many difficulties under which these children are living. Their parents, brothers, and sisters, and in fact all their surroundings are Protestant. Consider how hard it must be, for instance, for a child not to eat meat on Friday, while perhaps his mother and father, brothers and sisters, at the same table with him, are eating their usual portion of it.

To keep the commandments of the Church under such circumstances is assuredly not easy, yet in spite of all this, these youngsters are so much interested in the exact observance of their commands, that often on Thursdays one can hear them reminding one another that on the following day, Friday, they are permitted to eat meat. Of course,

now and then one may stumble because of forgetfulness, but on the whole they take their religion very seriously. We only hope that, in later years when greater difficulties come, they will remain just as constant in their Faith.

Our present work is to give a solid religious foundation to those little ones, since now they can be moulded so easily; thus they will be strong enough to meet the problems of real life. God will surely repay the sacrifice of these young souls, by giving them the graces necessary to remain faithful to Him in later years. So, with such material to begin with, we hope that in the years to come this little mission will grow into a flourishing parish with a real Christian spirit. For this end, we ask your prayers.



Homeward Bound

(Continued from Page 13)

about seven o'clock we came to Fayetteville, N. C., and there, at a regular home for tourists, we put up for the night.

"Nothing can be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning . . ." We realized the truth of these words the next morning, Friday, June 12th, as we left Fayetteville at 5 o'clock. How refreshing and invigorating the crisp morning air as we sped along the highway at so early an hour! Arriving at Richmond, the Capitol of Virginia, in the afternoon, we inquired about the way to St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural Institute, Rock Castle, Va., and on receiving the required directions, we started out from Richmond at 4 p. m. with high hopes of seeing this

celebrated institution, which, only a few years ago was put under the direction of the Benedictine Fathers. About three hours later we stopped to get our bearings, and learned that we were about fifty miles away from Rock Castle and on the highway leading directly into Washington, D. C. To go back to Rock Castle now, would have meant the addition of another one hundred miles to our already somewhat prolonged trip. So we decided to continue on to Washington, the home of two of our party (three including "Semy Snowball," the mascot). At 9 p. m. we arrived at the Nation's Capitol, where two happy seminarians were greeted by their relatives.

The next morning we visited St. Cyprian's Church, and from there we went to the new parish plant of St. Augustine's. The Oblate Sisters of Providence showed us through the new school and auditorium; the church is still under construction.

A few hours later found us "hitting the trail" for Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and the home of two more of our party. This last stop ended the tour of the joyriders, for the fifth and last member of our little company, having been in the "saddle" for six days, came to the conclusion that "enough is too much," and so, giving "Lizzie" the cold shoulder, he boarded a Pennsylvania "Choo-choo" for his home in dear old Yonkers (a little town that was crowded out of New York City for lack of room). And now all six of the joyriders, including "Semy Snowball") are happy at Home Sweet Home.

The Holy Family

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

Ever since the days of the hal-
lowed little
home at Naza-
reth where
Jesus, Mary, and
Joseph the
earthly trinity,
as they have
been called, liv-
ed frugally and
peacefully, the
home has been
the theme of
poet and artist
the world over.

That sweet
word "home"
has aroused and
stirred the most
sacred and salu-
tary emotions of
the human heart.
Homes have
been ever the
surest prop and
stay of mankind,
as well as the staunch founda-
tions of social and national life.
The blessed memory of happy
childhood, in a home of devo-
tion and affection, has been al-
ways a potent factor for good
and cogent deterrent from evil.

The home is the heart of all
human society. Characters are
built and moulded in the home;
the bud and blossoms of man-
hood and womanhood are nour-
ished and cultivated in the
home. It fills them with ideals
and noble purposes, and gives
to the state its loyal citizens
and to the Kingdom of God its
Saints.

On the Feast of the Holy



"The Three on Earth Most Like
the Three in Heaven"

Family the
Church portrays
for her children
in a few clear,
strong strokes,
the ideal Chris-
tian home and
Christian family.
She pictures for
all the faithful,
the humblest
abode at Naza-
reth that shelter-
ed Jesus, Mary
and Joseph. The
period of the Sa-
viour's life at
Nazareth is
termed His Hid-
den Life, be-
cause of its ob-
scurity. It was
indeed a life hid-
den from the
eyes of the
world. But, now,
it is no intrusion

whatsoever to draw aside the
veil of seclusion, and to gaze
upon, to study, and to picture
to one's self what is revealed
therein.

The Church presents the pic-
ture of that home and family
life in the words "And He went
down with them, and came to
Nazareth, and was subject to
them" (*Luke 2, 51-52*). In
these few words the Church
discloses the foundations of
Christian homes: the model pa-
rents, the model child. Wisely
does the Church point to Naza-
reth and the Holy Family as the
patterns for all Christians, of
all times, classes and condi-
tions.

The Holy Family

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

Ever since the days of the hallowed little home at Nazareth where Jesus, Mary, and Joseph the earthly trinity, as they have been called, lived frugally and peacefully, the home has been the theme of poet and artist the world over.

That sweet word "home" has aroused and stirred the most sacred and salutary emotions of the human heart. Homes have been ever the surest prop and stay of mankind, as well as the staunch foundations of social and national life. The blessed memory of happy childhood, in a home of devotion and affection, has been always a potent factor for good and cogent deterrent from evil.

The home is the heart of all human society. Characters are built and moulded in the home; the bud and blossoms of manhood and womanhood are nourished and cultivated in the home. It fills them with ideals and noble purposes, and gives to the state its loyal citizens and to the Kingdom of God its Saints.

On the Feast of the Holy



"The Three on Earth Most Like
the Three in Heaven"

Family the Church portrays for her children in a few clear, strong strokes, the ideal Christian home and Christian family. She pictures for all the faithful, the humblest abode at Nazareth that sheltered Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The period of the Saviour's life at Nazareth is termed His Hidden Life, because of its obscurity. It was indeed a life hidden from the eyes of the world. But, now, it is no intrusion

whatsoever to draw aside the veil of seclusion, and to gaze upon, to study, and to picture to one's self what is revealed therein.

The Church presents the picture of that home and family life in the words "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them" (*Luke 2, 51-52*). In these few words the Church discloses the foundations of Christian homes: the model parents, the model child. Wisely does the Church point to Nazareth and the Holy Family as the patterns for all Christians, of all times, classes and conditions.

now and then one may stumble because of forgetfulness, but on the whole they take their religion very seriously. We only hope that, in later years when greater difficulties come, they will remain just as constant in their Faith.

Our present work is to give a solid religious foundation to those little ones, since now they can be moulded so easily; thus they will be strong enough to meet the problems of real life. God will surely repay the sacrifice of these young souls, by giving them the graces necessary to remain faithful to Him in later years. So, with such material to begin with, we hope that in the years to come this little mission will grow into a flourishing parish with a real Christian spirit. For this end, we ask your prayers.



Homeward Bound

(Continued from Page 13)

about seven o'clock we came to Fayetteville, N. C., and there, at a regular home for tourists, we put up for the night.

"Nothing can be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning . . ." We realized the truth of these words the next morning, Friday, June 12th, as we left Fayetteville at 5 o'clock. How refreshing and invigorating the crisp morning air as we sped along the highway at so early an hour! Arriving at Richmond, the Capitol of Virginia, in the afternoon, we inquired about the way to St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural Institute, Rock Castle, Va., and on receiving the required directions, we started out from Richmond at 4 p. m. with high hopes of seeing this

celebrated institution, which, only a few years ago was put under the direction of the Benedictine Fathers. About three hours later we stopped to get our bearings, and learned that we were about fifty miles away from Rock Castle and on the highway leading directly into Washington, D. C. To go back to Rock Castle now, would have meant the addition of another one hundred miles to our already somewhat prolonged trip. So we decided to continue on to Washington, the home of two of our party (three including "Semy Snowball," the mascot). At 9 p. m. we arrived at the Nation's Capitol, where two happy seminarians were greeted by their relatives.

The next morning we visited St. Cyprian's Church, and from there we went to the new parish plant of St. Augustine's. The Oblate Sisters of Providence showed us through the new school and auditorium; the church is still under construction.

A few hours later found us "hitting the trail" for Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and the home of two more of our party. This last stop ended the tour of the joyriders, for the fifth and last member of our little company, having been in the "saddle" for six days, came to the conclusion that "enough is too much," and so, giving "Lizzie" the cold shoulder, he boarded a Pennsylvania "Choo-choo" for his home in dear old Yonkers (a little town that was crowded out of New York City for lack of room). And now all six of the joyriders, including "Semy Snowball") are happy at Home Sweet Home.

The Holy Family

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

Ever since the days of the hallowed little home at Nazareth where Jesus, Mary, and Joseph the earthly trinity, as they have been called, lived frugally and peacefully, the home has been the theme of poet and artist the world over.

That sweet word "home" has aroused and stirred the most sacred and salutary emotions of the human heart. Homes have been ever the surest prop and stay of mankind, as well as the staunch foundations of social and national life. The blessed memory of happy childhood, in a home of devotion and affection, has been always a potent factor for good and cogent deterrent from evil.

The home is the heart of all human society. Characters are built and moulded in the home; the bud and blossoms of manhood and womanhood are nourished and cultivated in the home. It fills them with ideals and noble purposes, and gives to the state its loyal citizens and to the Kingdom of God its Saints.

On the Feast of the Holy



"The Three on Earth Most Like
the Three in Heaven"

Family the Church portrays for her children in a few clear, strong strokes, the ideal Christian home and Christian family. She pictures for all the faithful, the humblest abode at Nazareth that sheltered Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The period of the Saviour's life at Nazareth is termed His Hidden Life, because of its obscurity. It was indeed a life hidden from the eyes of the world. But, now, it is no intrusion

whatsoever to draw aside the veil of seclusion, and to gaze upon, to study, and to picture to one's self what is revealed therein.

The Church presents the picture of that home and family life in the words "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them" (*Luke 2, 51-52*). In these few words the Church discloses the foundations of Christian homes: the model parents, the model child. Wisely does the Church point to Nazareth and the Holy Family as the patterns for all Christians, of all times, classes and conditions.

The reticence and meagerness of the detail with which the boyhood and youth of Jesus are described to us by the Evangelist is not after all a great privation. The mind's eye of the twentieth century can see them. We are assured by the Evangelist that for thirty-three years Jesus, Mary and Joseph lived under a common roof in an uninterrupted companionship. What more than this is needed? Faith inspiring the imagination supplies the rest. The heart delights in the effort to supply the colors lacking in the plain pencil sketch of the Evangelist.

We may be certain that the Holy Family had to work and work hard. When was perpetual idleness ever reckoned a blessing? They fared simply, but lacking the artificial cravings which modern civilization has taught, they had an untainted relish for the clean sunlit air, the flowers and the stars that deck the night sky.

It is significant that the first inspiring example that was given to the world was the example of perfect family life in the Holy Family at Nazareth. Here then is the model of family life for all future generations. When a man and a maid clasp their hands together before the altar of the Lord and join their lives that like two rivers they may run together into one, for better, for worse, until death shall part them, they are given the entrancing vision of the home of Nazareth, of Mary and Joseph and the Divine Child, upon which to model their lives, to sanctify their homes and to base their conjugal and parental happiness.

The world will show them another model. But it will bring destruction, and not happiness. A home based on worldly ideals is a snare and a delusion. It resolves in disaster, scattering in its wake the wreckage of ruined lives, blasted hopes and derelict children.

But in the holy home the conjugal union of husband and wife and parental union of parents and children find their highest perfection. Joseph was the head of that household. To him all God's commandments concerning the welfare of the Holy Family were intrusted. But what tender love, what sublime respect and reverence did he lavish upon Mary and Jesus in the exercise of his authority. Although Joseph was first in authority, Mary was in dignity far higher than he. Yet obediently she followed his every suggestion, and lovingly she tended to her humble duties. And the Divine Child was infinitely above them both, yet He offers to children the example of perfect obedience, filial respect and love.

Here is the model for Christian families. Husbands turn to Joseph, wives turn to Mary, children turn to Jesus! Learn the sweet lessons of patience, obedience, and mutual love that shine in that happy home. Make your homes little replicas of the Holy Home of Nazareth. Let Christ dwell within them. Then from the windows of homes will glow the light: for He Who dwells within is the Light of the world. And from the portals of these homes will go forth men and women who alone by the grace of God can save the world.



A Story of a Negro Radio Operator*
Elmer A. Carter

I.

The story of Elmer Smith must be set down in three parts. The first part is similar to the story which ten thousand colored boys might tell if they would. He was born twenty-two years ago in Montclair, New Jersey. His father, J. Lansing Smith, was also born in New Jersey at Elizabeth and his mother was born in Warrenton, North Carolina. From the time he was ten years old Elmer Smith has been interested in radio. Everything he could read on the subject he read. As he became older he constructed sets and finally secured an amateur operator's license. Throughout his high school course he spent all of his spare time tinkering with radio sets and studying technical and theoretical problems as they were presented in various publications—newspapers and magazines. Before he completed his high school course he decided to study the radio for a career. Whereupon he entered the Radio Institute of America in New York City. In six months—half of the allotted time—he had completed the course as a high ranking student. And in 1929 he took the examination and was granted a commercial operator's license.

Then began the search for a job. Day after day he walked the streets of New York, to steamship offices, to radio stores, department stores, electrical shops. He visited over two hundred different businesses with his diploma and the recommendations of his teachers. In each one he was told that they could not employ a Negro. Some elaborated on their refusal. Others were blunt and discourteous. Others dismissed him with a smile.

II.

In Montclair there was a young white lad who shared Elmer Smith's

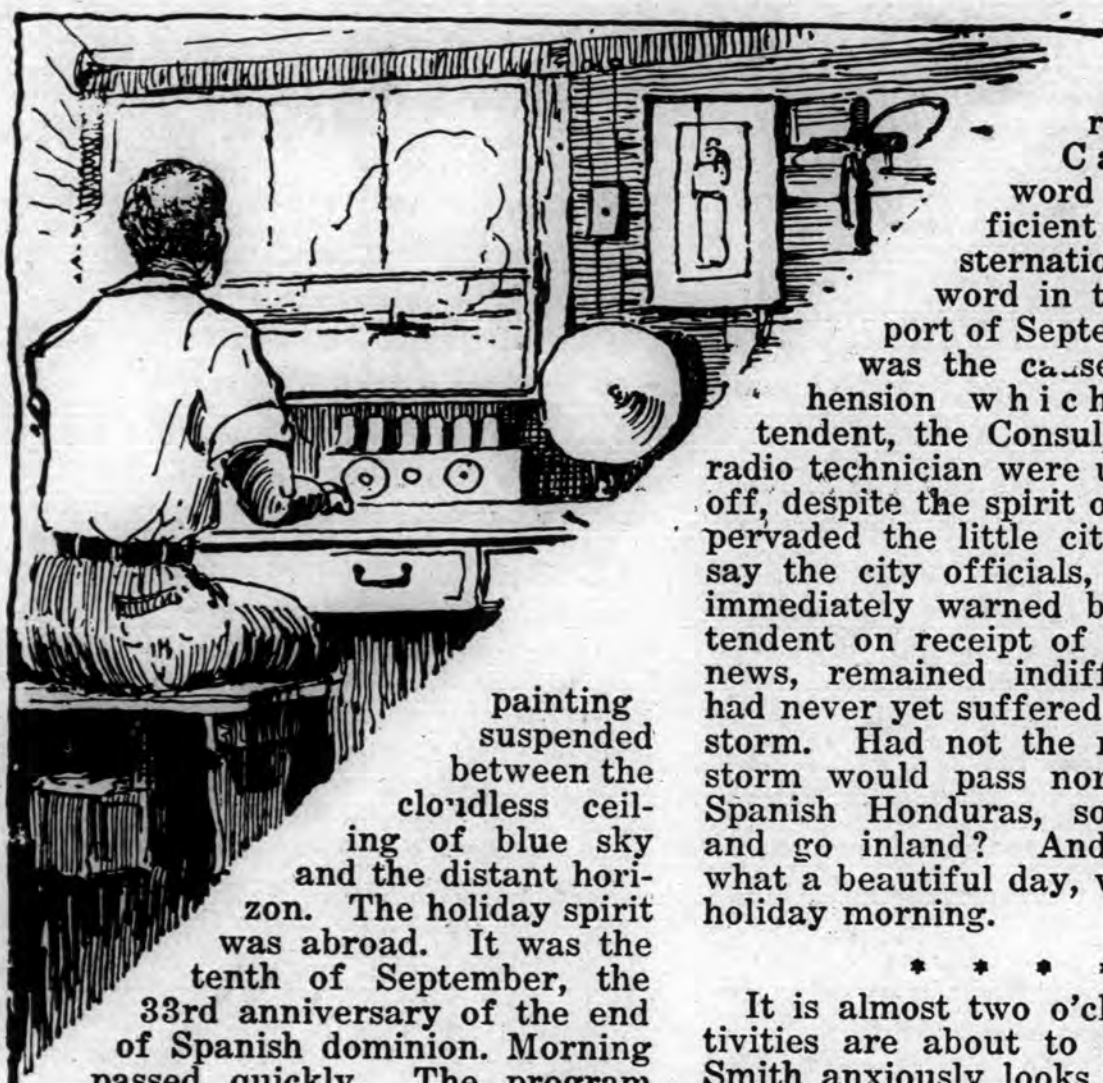
intense interest in radio. And while both were mere lads their common interests created a mutual friendship that became closer as they grew older. Together they entered the Radio Institute of America and together they were graduated. And here for a moment their paths separated. While young Smith was tramping the streets of New York looking for a job, his friend secured one with the Canadian Navigation Company at Belize, Honduras, as a commercial radio operator. They parted, but as the young white lad boarded the train he promised that if he ever got the chance he would send for his chum. Alas, how many such promises have been made in the flush of youth . . . only to be forgotten.

But there are exceptions and this white boy didn't forget. Within six months after his arrival at Belize he summoned Smith and last December Elmer Smith was employed by the Canadian Navigation Company as a commercial radio operator. For about five months he worked as a radio operator. And then because of his efficiency and skill he was promoted to chief technician with eight operators under him. It became a part of his duty to design and install all radio equipment on all the ships of the Canadian Navigation Company. At last he had his chance.

III.

The flags were flying in Belize, picturesque capital of British Honduras. Bands were playing and little children sang and danced in the streets. The cafes were crowded with happy, light-hearted, care free folk. In the harbor the ships of the Canadian Navigation Company listlessly swung at anchor on a sea that was so calm that from shore it seemed like a huge

*Reprinted from "Opportunity" with permission of the Editor.



painting suspended between the cloudless ceiling of blue sky and the distant horizon. The holiday spirit was abroad. It was the tenth of September, the 33rd anniversary of the end of Spanish dominion. Morning passed quickly. The program for the afternoon was scheduled to begin at 2:30. Eager with anticipation the laughing, bantering crowds began to assemble for the festivities which had been long in preparation. Worries were forgotten. Holidays did not come often. Why worry?

Of the fourteen thousand souls in Belize there were only two, or possibly three, who were ill at ease. One of these was the superintendent of the Canadian Navigation Company, the ships of which plied between Halifax and Belize, the other was the United States Vice-Consul, the third was Elmer Smith, a young man of medium height and unblemished brown skin, chief radio technician of the Navigation Company.

He sat alone in his quarters, ear phones fastened snugly over his head, his eyes intent on a small sheet of paper on which were typed a few laconic sentences. Within arms reach were other sheets which he picked up and studied, then carefully laid aside.

Every morning they came—the weather reports—which were handed to the superintendent who in turn passed the information on to the city and state officials. Ordinarily it was a routine matter, but for the preceding two days reports had carried an ominous note.

To those who live in the region of the Caribbean the word "storm" is sufficient to create consternation. And that word in the weather report of September 10, 1931, was the cause of an apprehension which the superintendent, the Consul, and the chief radio technician were unable to shake off, despite the spirit of gayety which pervaded the little city. Strange to say the city officials, who had been immediately warned by the superintendent on receipt of the disquieting news, remained indifferent. Belize had never yet suffered from a violent storm. Had not the report said the storm would pass north of Tela in Spanish Honduras, south of Belize and go inland? And besides, look what a beautiful day, what a glorious holiday morning.

* * * *

It is almost two o'clock. The festivities are about to begin. Young Smith anxiously looks over his radio. It is O. K. In the distance he can hear the band. A surprising gust of hot wind sends him hurriedly to the window. Far on the horizon of the sea there is a dark gray cloud which is spreading rapidly over the sky. The storm is coming. He bends to his transmitter.

Suddenly the sun is blotted out as if in eclipse. There is a terrific thunder clap. Rain begins to fall. The bunting and flags are drenched. Then out of the west comes the wind. It is a moderate gale. Not so bad after all. Just as suddenly the rain stops; the wind dies down; the sun comes out again. The people return to the streets, their ardor undampened even though the bright colored decorations are soiled and scattered in the gutters.

Concern for the safety of his young wife and infant daughter urged Smith to return to his home. There all is well, but he decided to move them to the house of a friend where he feels they will be safer. This accomplished he returns to duty.

His watch shows just five minutes after four when as if by some sinister magic the sun again is blotted out. The city is plunged in total darkness and the wind comes shrieking out of the southeast. The crash of thunder is echoed by the sharp crackling of severed telegraph and telephone

poles. The velocity of the wind increases—houses are demolished. Trees felled as if by a giant ax. Again and again he tries the transmitter. No response. And now mingled with the roar of the wind are the moans of women and the cries of little children.

Convinced after repeated attempts to get a response that the radio set was completely wrecked, Smith starts for his wife and child. By the aid of continuous lightning flashes he finally reached them. For an hour the wind unleached its fury against the little city as if bent on utterly destroying it. Finally with a long drawn out warning scream it attains a velocity of 150 miles an hour and in its wake comes a tidal wave, a wall of water ten feet high which picks up four ships in the harbor as if they were match boxes and hurls them into the heart of the city.

* * * * *

At last the seemingly endless night passed. With the break of day the appalling catastrophe which had befallen the gay little capital on its holiday was clearly visible. Of the ships left in the harbor there was no trace. The house from which young Smith and his wife and baby had fled in the lull between the storms had been unroofed and carried four hundred yards. Dirty water, waist deep, filled the streets. Everywhere were the dead, the dying, the maimed. In less than twenty-four hours a city of 14,000 happy souls had become a shambles.

As soon as he could see, Smith started on a search for his superior officer, the superintendent of the Canadian Navigation Company. Wading through rivers of muddy water and clambering over piles of rubbish he found him at last alone on the littered water front looking out to sea from whence had come the winds of death. He instructed Smith to transmit messages to the State Department for the American Consul, who was seriously injured, to the officers

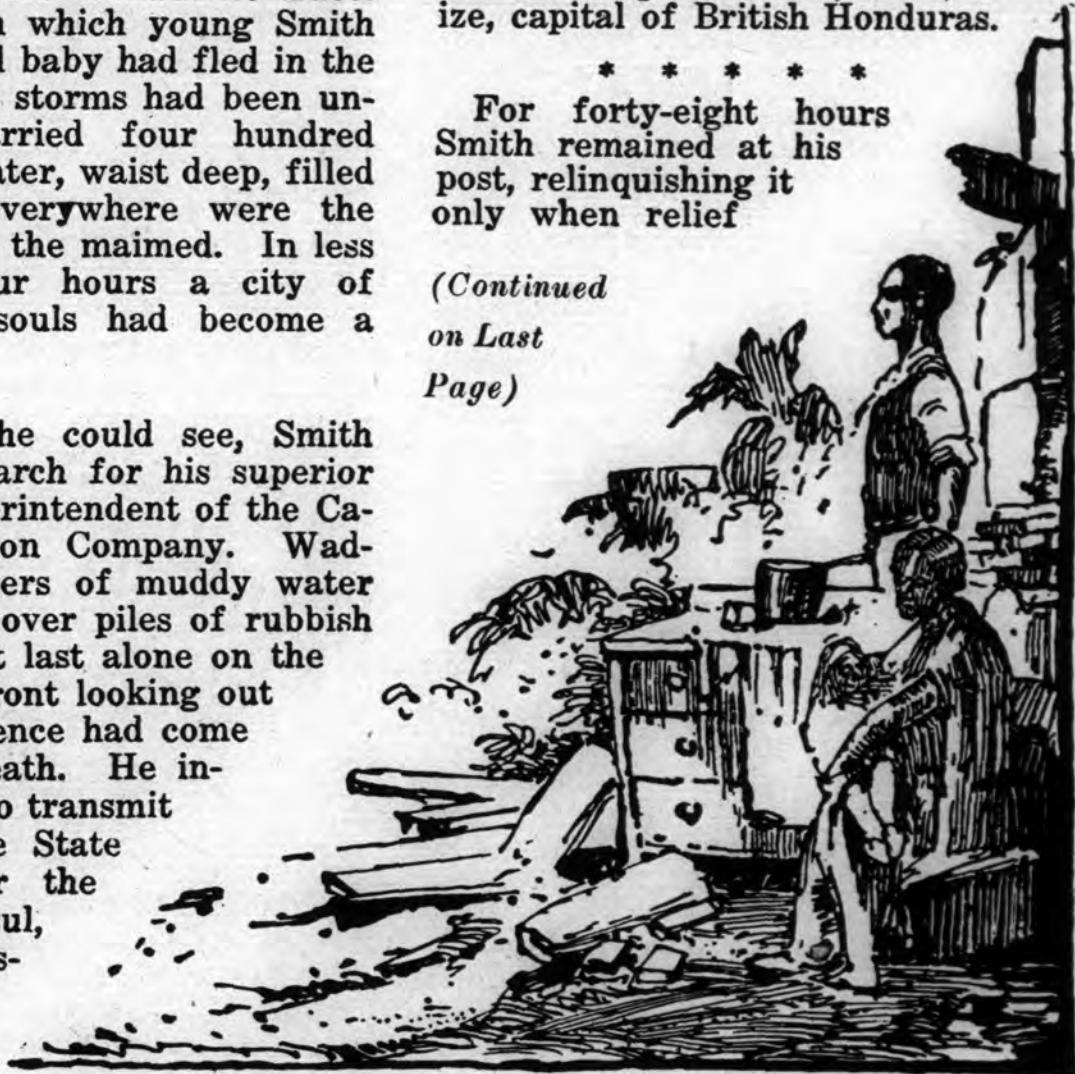
of his company; to ships at sea; anywhere and everywhere in order to get help.

What an assignment! No current, no radio, no telegraph, the power house in ruins and no ship due for five days. Completely cut off from the outside world Smith knew that unless help could be secured pestilence would begin its ravages among the survivors. But he did not hesitate. With the aid of other employees he began a search for a generator by which current might be developed. Finally on one of the ships cast up they were able to salvage one. He then set to work to build a radio from the broken parts he was able to salvage from the four ships. He repaired the transmitters and receivers, set up an aerial and proceeded to call for help. His first contact was with an amateur operator at Miami, Florida, Ellis McClane, to whom he gave messages for the Secretary of State at Washington. He then called Canadian Navigation boats off the coast of Spanish Honduras and the American Consul at Tela, Spanish Honduras. And thus the world was apprised of the recent disaster in which over 2000 lives were lost and a thousand people injured in the hurricane of September 10, 1931, at Belize, capital of British Honduras.

* * * * *

For forty-eight hours Smith remained at his post, relinquishing it only when relief

(Continued
on Last
Page)



Mother Katharine and the Colored Work *

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a treasure hidden in a field. Which a man, having found, hides it, and for joy thereof goeth, and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field," (Matt. 13, 44).

Gratitude is akin to justice. An informative sketch of a religious community binding itself by solemn promise to devote itself exclusively to the welfare of the Indian and Negro, will only honor the pages of the Messenger.

The Drexel family of Philadelphia was as deeply religious and charitable as it was wealthy, and Mr. Francis Drexel was one of the leading American financiers of his time. His daughter, Miss Katharine Drexel, felt early the call to the religious state. Accepting the invitation of Leo XIII and heeding the counsel of her spiritual director, the big-hearted Bishop Connor of Omaha, she undertook the foundation of a community devoted exclusively to the Negro and Indian.

By February, 1891, the first Sister of the Blessed Sacrament, Sister Katharine, formerly Miss Drexel, was pronouncing her first vows and pledging herself to the two peoples of her predilection. She became first Superioress of the Institute, then numbering thirteen members.

Simultaneously with the building of the Mother House at Cornwells Heights, Penna., the initial undertaking of the

Institute was started adjacent to it, Holy Providence House, a Boarding School and Home for Colored Children. Ten years later, the second foundation, St. Francis de Sales Institute was opened in Rock Castle, Va., for the purpose of training colored girls as "teachers, uplifters, and educators in industry of their race."

In forty years, the thirty-four elementary and secondary schools which Mother Katharine Drexel has scattered from New York to Texas and furnished with Sisters witness to her zeal in providing the colored child with a solid Christian education. In this array two of her Louisiana foundations, besides offering elementary courses, are state-approved teachers' training schools. The Sisters report that they are in a flourishing condition.

The sad condition in many rural districts of Catholic Louisiana, where the children of so many Catholic colored families were growing up with little religious instruction and scarcely any education, touched Mother Katharine's heart and would not leave her rest until 1922, when her plans began to materialize. This involved the building of rural schools—to date there are twenty-six—

*Sources: Indian Sentinel, 1907; Series of Four Radio Addresses from Station WLWL, New York, by Michael J. Ryan, Esq., printed in Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, Feb. 6-27, 1931; Information furnished by Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament; Mission Fields at Home, a monthly magazine chronicling the activities of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. We heartily recommend this publication to our readers. \$1.00 a year. Address: Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Cornwells Heights, Penna.

equipping them, and paying the salaries of good lay-teachers, since there were no Sisters to be spared.

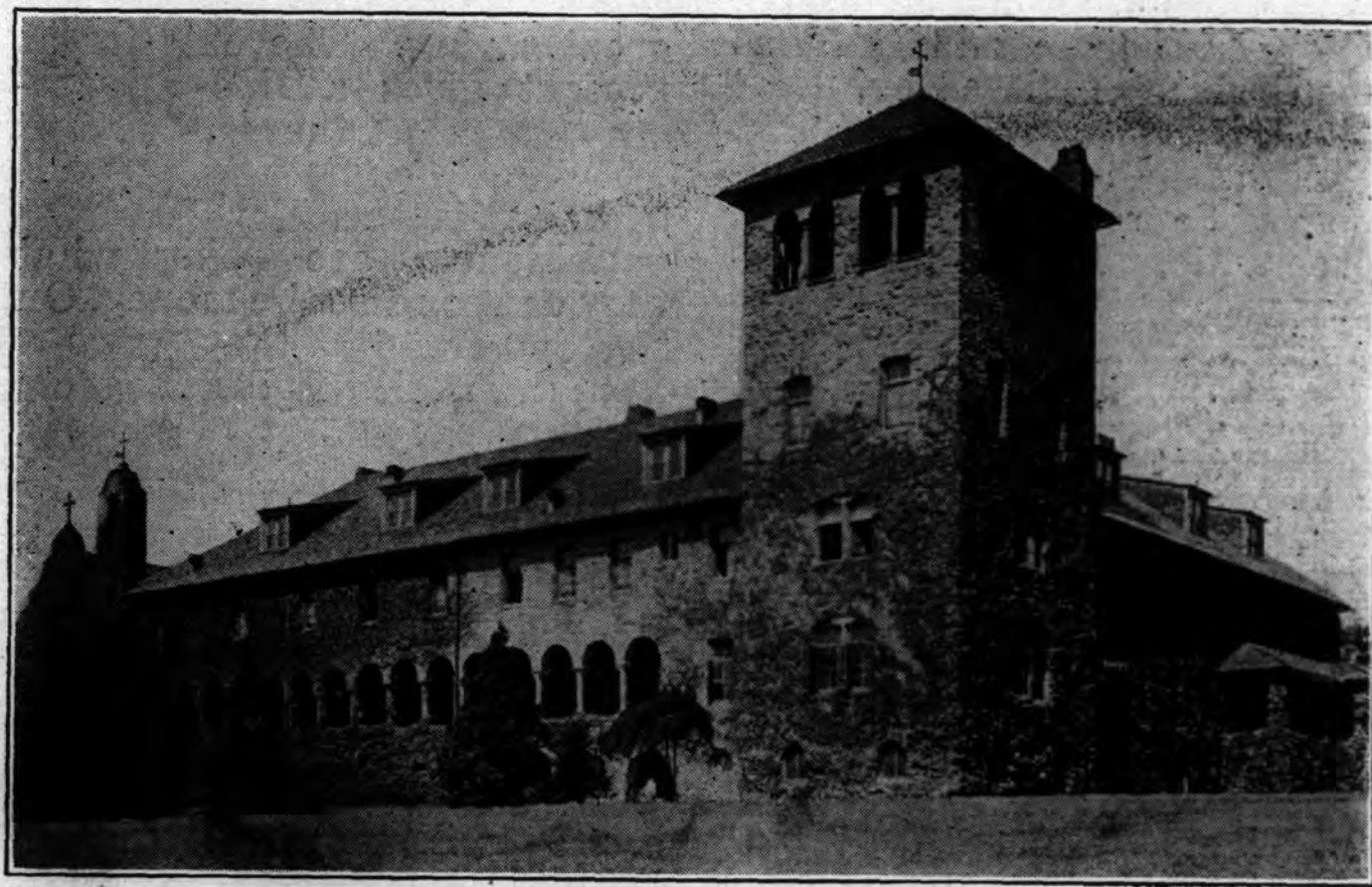
Xavier College is undoubtedly her greatest achievement. This center of learning, with its competent staff of priests, nuns, and laymen, was opened in New Orleans during 1925. The well-proportioned strides of Xavier High School, founded in 1915, as well as the growing necessity of such an institution for Negro secular students in America offered reasons enough for warranting the new foundation. To quote the June, 1929 number of *"Mission Fields at Home:"* "In addition to the regular courses in the departments of Arts and Sciences, Xavier offers a pre-medical course of two years and a course in pharmacy. The Normal Department, which was opened in 1917, expanded into a Teacher's College in 1925. Extension courses are offered

to those whom duty prevents from attending the regular day classes." The future of Xavier College is so promising that a \$400,000 group of buildings is under construction, which together with Xavier Stadium, dedicated in 1930, will be the last word in Negro Catholic education.

Considering the smallness of her community, the condition of Catholic education for the Negro as she found it, and the immense outlay her school program has necessitated, *The Colored Harvest* for December, 1931 informs us that "Xavier costs about \$50,000 annually for running expenses" — we cannot help acknowledging Mother Katharine as the outstanding Catholic benefactress in Negro work.

The social service of the Sisters deserves appreciable mention. Their ministrations have

(Continued on Page 38)



St. Elizabeth's Convent, Cornwells Heights, Pa.
Motherhouse of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament

Mother Katharine and the Colored Work *

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a treasure hidden in a field. Which a man, having found, hides it, and for joy thereof goeth, and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field," (Matt. 13, 44).

Gratitude is akin to justice. An informative sketch of a religious community binding itself by solemn promise to devote itself exclusively to the welfare of the Indian and Negro, will only honor the pages of the Messenger.

The Drexel family of Philadelphia was as deeply religious and charitable as it was wealthy, and Mr. Francis Drexel was one of the leading American financiers of his time. His daughter, Miss Katharine Drexel, felt early the call to the religious state. Accepting the invitation of Leo XIII and heeding the counsel of her spiritual director, the big-hearted Bishop Connor of Omaha, she undertook the foundation of a community devoted exclusively to the Negro and Indian.

By February, 1891, the first Sister of the Blessed Sacrament, Sister Katharine, formerly Miss Drexel, was pronouncing her first vows and pledging herself to the two peoples of her predilection. She became first Superioress of the Institute, then numbering thirteen members.

Simultaneously with the building of the Mother House at Cornwells Heights, Penna., the initial undertaking of the

Institute was started adjacent to it, Holy Providence House, a Boarding School and Home for Colored Children. Ten years later, the second foundation, St. Francis de Sales Institute was opened in Rock Castle, Va., for the purpose of training colored girls as "teachers, uplifters, and educators in industry of their race."

In forty years, the thirty-four elementary and secondary schools which Mother Katharine Drexel has scattered from New York to Texas and furnished with Sisters witness to her zeal in providing the colored child with a solid Christian education. In this array two of her Louisiana foundations, besides offering elementary courses, are state-approved teachers' training schools. The Sisters report that they are in a flourishing condition.

The sad condition in many rural districts of Catholic Louisiana, where the children of so many Catholic colored families were growing up with little religious instruction and scarcely any education, touched Mother Katharine's heart and would not leave her rest until 1922, when her plans began to materialize. This involved the building of rural schools—to date there are twenty-six—

*Sources: Indian Sentinel, 1907; Series of Four Radio Addresses from Station WLWL, New York, by Michael J. Ryan, Esq., printed in Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, Feb. 6-27, 1931; Information furnished by Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament; Mission Fields at Home, a monthly magazine chronicling the activities of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. We heartily recommend this publication to our readers. \$1.00 a year. Address: Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Cornwells Heights, Penna.

equipping them, and paying the salaries of good lay-teachers, since there were no Sisters to be spared.

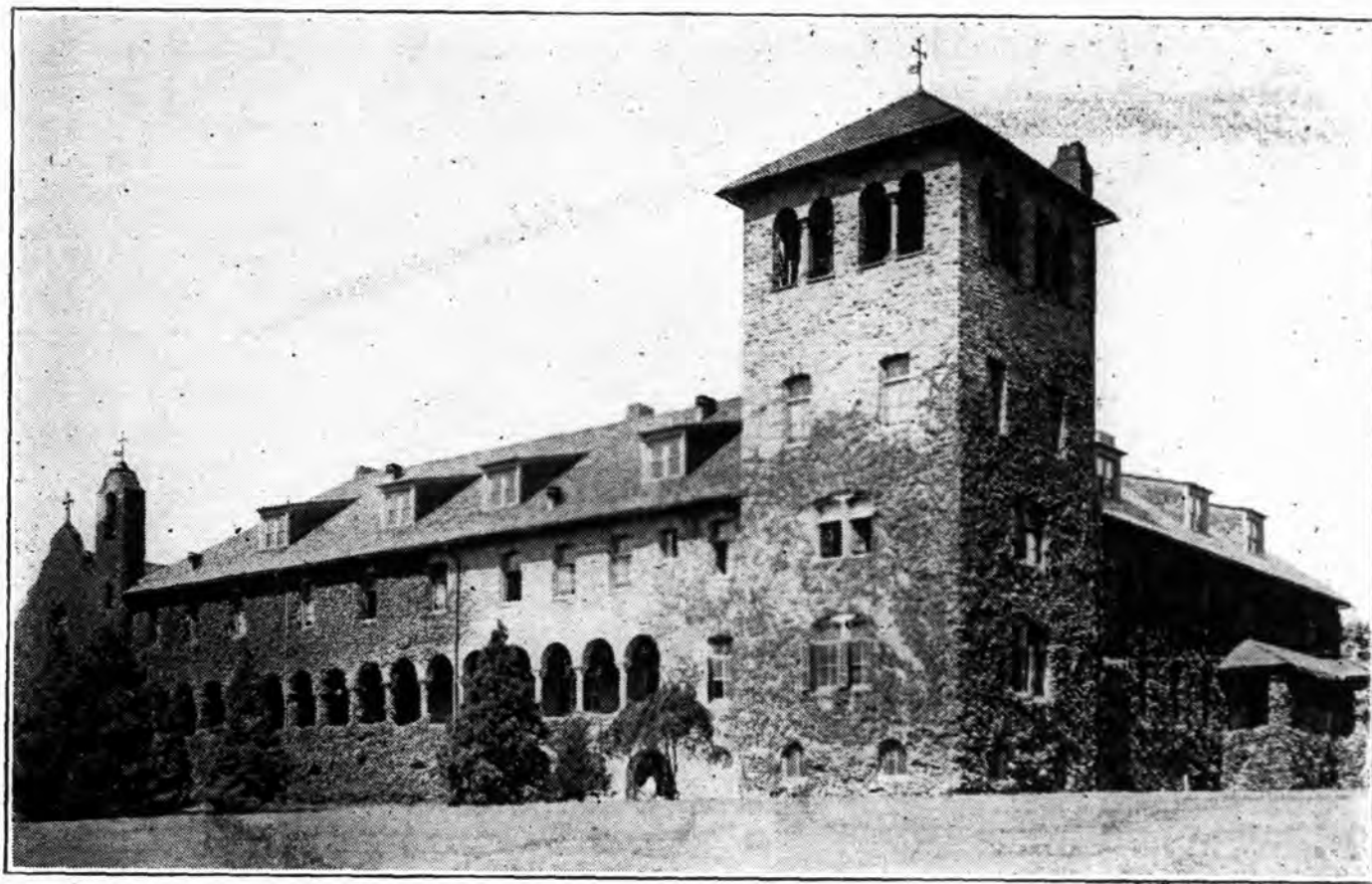
Xavier College is undoubtedly her greatest achievement. This center of learning, with its competent staff of priests, nuns, and laymen, was opened in New Orleans during 1925. The well-proportioned strides of Xavier High School, founded in 1915, as well as the growing necessity of such an institution for Negro secular students in America offered reasons enough for warranting the new foundation. To quote the June, 1929 number of *"Mission Fields at Home:"* "In addition to the regular courses in the departments of Arts and Sciences, Xavier offers a pre-medical course of two years and a course in pharmacy. The Normal Department, which was opened in 1917, expanded into a Teacher's College in 1925. Extension courses are offered

to those whom duty prevents from attending the regular day classes." The future of Xavier College is so promising that a \$400,000 group of buildings is under construction, which together with Xavier Stadium, dedicated in 1930, will be the last word in Negro Catholic education.

Considering the smallness of her community, the condition of Catholic education for the Negro as she found it, and the immense outlay her school program has necessitated, *The Colored Harvest* for December, 1931 informs us that "Xavier costs about \$50,000 annually for running expenses" — we cannot help acknowledging Mother Katharine as the outstanding Catholic benefactress in Negro work.

The social service of the Sisters deserves appreciable mention. Their ministrations have

(Continued on Page 38)



St. Elizabeth's Convent, Cornwells Heights, Pa.
Motherhouse of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament



PASTORAL CHANGES

During the week of Thanksgiving several changes were made in the parishes of our Southern Missions. Rev. Frederick Reichelt of Holy Ghost Institute, Jackson, Miss., was called to fill the place left vacant in St. Nicholas parish, St. Louis, Mo., by the appointment of Rev. Joseph Hoelken to St. Norbert's parish, Techny, Ill. Rev. Francis X Baltes moved to Jackson and Rev. John Hoenderop took charge of St. Rose de Lima parish, Bay St. Louis, Miss., which was built by Father Baltes. Rev. John Klaffl went to Pointe-a-la-Hache, La., where Father Hoenderop has been since 1928. Rev. Carl Wolf of St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss., and Rev. Anthony Jacobs of Sacred Heart Institute, Greenville, Miss., have exchanged parishes.

— :- —

ST. ROSE DE LIMA

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

A notable improvement was made in this young and flourishing parish during the past summer. To the already large complex of buildings was added a much needed auditorium. Ever since the establishment of the parish five years ago it had been necessary to rent a hall for all entertainments. Besides,

when the time approached for the Closing Exercises each year, the Sisters were obliged day after day to march the children a half-hour's walk for practice.

Thanks to the generous check from a friend most interested in colored schools, the zealous pastor, Father Baltes, was able at least to buy the necessary material to begin the work. The workmen being principally his own parishioners, expenses were reduced considerably and since the auditorium was joined to the school building only three walls were necessary, which proved another great saving. The exterior at present gives a fine appearance, although the interior still remains incomplete because of lack of funds. However, the parishioners are doing what they can to raise the money. On September 14th they gave a Young and Old Folks Program which proved a grand success.

The Church, erected in 1926, being sorely in need of paint, the Rev. Pastor had the front stuccoed at the same time with the aid of his carpenters, adding pillars and ornaments to give it a more ecclesiastical appearance. A picture of the church will be found on this page.

St. Rose parish is still quite young, having been established only in 1926. The Rev. F. X. Baltes, S. V. D., at that time on the staff of St. Augustine's, was appointed as first pastor. Up to the time of his transfer to Jackson, Miss., on November 25th he has worked untiringly for the good of the parish, as results have shown. The parish now has a membership of nearly 800 souls, the largest of any of the Southern Missions of the Society of the Divine Word. He established a complete Grammar and High School which boasts of a teaching staff of nine Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, and an enrollment of over 200 pupils.

The day following the departure of Father Baltes, Rev. John Hoenderop S. V. D., arrived to fill the vacancy. Father Hoenderop is an old and experienced missionary in the South and hence it is assured that he is well able to carry on the work so excellently begun by his predecessor.

THE LITTLE FLOWER A MISSIONARY

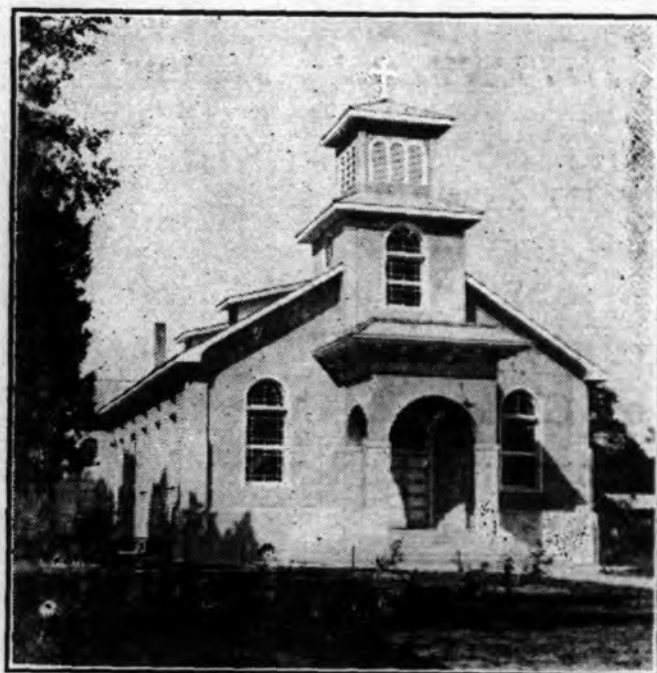
Pine Bluff, Arkansas

"There will be no rest for me in Heaven until the last soul is gathered in." These words of St. Teresa of the Child of Jesus were beautifully verified by the recent conversion of a colored man here, Oskar Dawson. He had never been baptized in his youth. In 1925 he became very sick and was brought to a Catholic hospital in New Orleans. As his condition got from "worse to worser" (as the colored people like to put it) the good Sisters there persuaded him to become a Catholic.

To please them he gave in. According to his own statement he was baptized when only half conscious. Against all hope he recovered, and as soon as he could stand traveling the doctor advised him to go farther north. So he came to Pine Bluff. As he never was instructed in the Catholic Religion, he never showed up as a Catholic, never came to church, or saw a priest. He got married with the daughter of a Baptist preacher before a Protestant minister, not even knowing that by this act he was excommunicated.

At this point I let him tell his own story:

"One day in a True Story Magazine I saw an advertisement with the word FREE in big letters printed all over it. I



St. Rose De Lima Church
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

wrote to the address given, and after a while I got ten medals of the Little Flower. They promised to send me a ring if I would sell the medals to different people. I sold them and got the ring. I liked the ring and put it on, but besides that I did not think much about it.

(Continued on Page 38)



PASTORAL CHANGES

During the week of Thanksgiving several changes were made in the parishes of our Southern Missions. Rev. Frederick Reichelt of Holy Ghost Institute, Jackson, Miss., was called to fill the place left vacant in St. Nicholas parish, St. Louis, Mo., by the appointment of Rev. Joseph Hoelken to St. Norbert's parish, Techny, Ill. Rev. Francis X Baltes moved to Jackson and Rev. John Hoenderop took charge of St. Rose de Lima parish, Bay St. Louis, Miss., which was built by Father Baltes. Rev. John Klaffl went to Pointe-a-la-Hache, La., where Father Hoenderop has been since 1928. Rev. Carl Wolf of St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss., and Rev. Anthony Jacobs of Sacred Heart Institute, Greenville, Miss., have exchanged parishes.

ST. ROSE DE LIMA Bay St. Louis, Miss.

A notable improvement was made in this young and flourishing parish during the past summer. To the already large complex of buildings was added a much needed auditorium. Ever since the establishment of the parish five years ago it had been necessary to rent a hall for all entertainments. Besides,

when the time approached for the Closing Exercises each year, the Sisters were obliged day after day to march the children a half-hour's walk for practice.

Thanks to the generous check from a friend most interested in colored schools, the zealous pastor, Father Baltes, was able at least to buy the necessary material to begin the work. The workmen being principally his own parishioners, expenses were reduced considerably and since the auditorium was joined to the school building only three walls were necessary, which proved another great saving. The exterior at present gives a fine appearance, although the interior still remains incomplete because of lack of funds. However, the parishioners are doing what they can to raise the money. On September 14th they gave a Young and Old Folks Program which proved a grand success.

The Church, erected in 1926, being sorely in need of paint, the Rev. Pastor had the front stuccoed at the same time with the aid of his carpenters, adding pillars and ornaments to give it a more ecclesiastical appearance. A picture of the church will be found on this page.

St. Rose parish is still quite young, having been established only in 1926. The Rev. F. X. Baltes, S. V. D., at that time on the staff of St. Augustine's, was appointed as first pastor. Up to the time of his transfer to Jackson, Miss., on November 25th he has worked untiringly for the good of the parish, as results have shown. The parish now has a membership of nearly 800 souls, the largest of any of the Southern Missions of the Society of the Divine Word. He established a complete Grammar and High School which boasts of a teaching staff of nine Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, and an enrollment of over 200 pupils.

The day following the departure of Father Baltes, Rev. John Hoenderop S. V. D., arrived to fill the vacancy. Father Hoenderop is an old and experienced missionary in the South and hence it is assured that he is well able to carry on the work so excellently begun by his predecessor.

THE LITTLE FLOWER A MISSIONARY

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

"There will be no rest for me in Heaven until the last soul is gathered in." These words of St. Teresa of the Child of Jesus were beautifully verified by the recent conversion of a colored man here, Oskar Dawson. He had never been baptized in his youth. In 1925 he became very sick and was brought to a Catholic hospital in New Orleans. As his condition got from "worse to worser" (as the colored people like to put it) the good Sisters there persuaded him to become a Catholic.

To please them he gave in. According to his own statement he was baptized when only half conscious. Against all hope he recovered, and as soon as he could stand traveling the doctor advised him to go farther north. So he came to Pine Bluff. As he never was instructed in the Catholic Religion, he never showed up as a Catholic, never came to church, or saw a priest. He got married with the daughter of a Baptist preacher before a Protestant minister, not even knowing that by this act he was excommunicated.

At this point I let him tell his own story:

"One day in a True Story Magazine I saw an advertisement with the word FREE in big letters printed all over it. I



St. Rose De Lima Church
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

wrote to the address given, and after a while I got ten medals of the Little Flower. They promised to send me a ring if I would sell the medals to different people. I sold them and got the ring. I liked the ring and put it on, but besides that I did not think much about it.

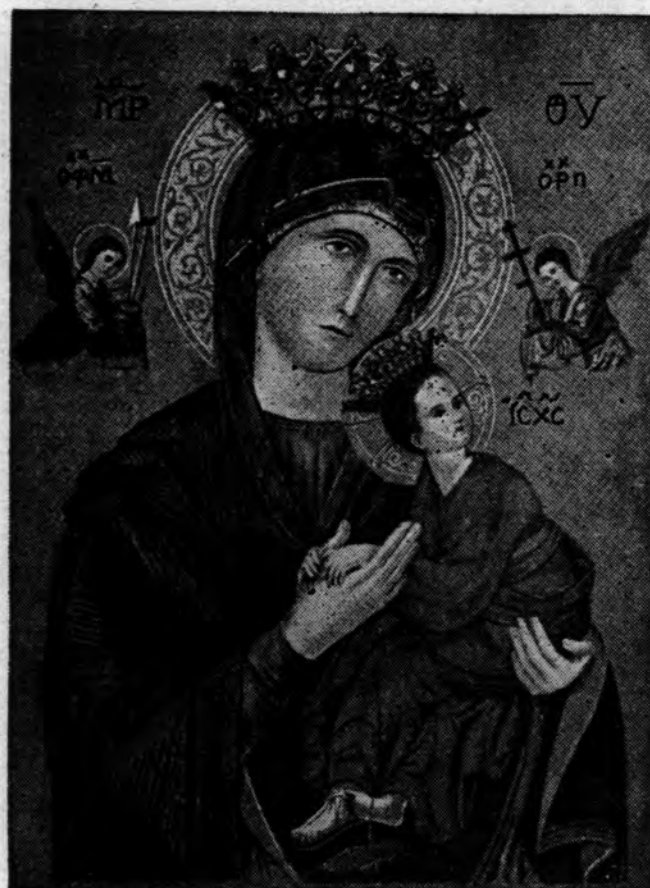
(Continued on Page 38)

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



INTENTION: January 1-9 Conversion of the Pagan World.

Dear Friend:

May I remind you of the Intention for January: *Conversion of the Pagan World?* We have still within our heart the spirit of Christmas—love and generosity. Christ Himself has first shown us His love and generosity by coming into this world for the salvation of mankind, and bestowing His innumerable gifts upon us. He still loves us and is generous to us. Return this love and generosity now! Pray to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the one billion souls who, after 1900 years do not know the love of Jesus that the light of the Gospel may be brought to them.

During this New Year 1932 show Christ your love and generosity! Send us your intention which you wish us to remember in our Novena in Honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

(Rev.) Norbert L. Shuler, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Happy New Year

Ring out the Old! Ring in the New! Many a heart is rejoicing to hear the bells of the New Year peel forth. But before the solemn notes of the Old die out forever, we wish to add our chimes to them and let them carry our message of gratitude and appreciation to all our kind friends. Despite present economic conditions you have kept in touch with us, you have kept the faith with St. Augustine's, and aided us as best you could.

Happy New Year, then, and may it be a year of true happiness and blessing for each and every one! May the bells of the New Year ring out a gladder note, and fill each day with the joy of brightest hope!

Ordinations

As year succeeds year we are more forcibly reminded each time that our colored seminarians are fast approaching their long-desired goal. As every other seminarian they are putting in their long years of study in preparation for the sublimest vocation of all, the

holy priesthood. The same sentiments of love for Christ, the Eternal Priest, fill their souls, while they look towards Him and His Spouse on earth, Holy Mother Church, to confer on them the power to fulfill the command of the Lord: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

Last year the first fruits of St. Augustine's Seminary were admitted into the ranks of the clergy. This year they have taken the first step in the Church towards the holy priesthood. The reception of the first two Minor Orders in itself is of only minor significance, but it is nevertheless a necessary step to the final goal of the cleric. To us it is of special importance, for it is making history in the advance of our Seminary. Rightfully then do the six young men deserve the congratulations of the Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, D. D., Bishop of our Diocese, Natchez, Miss., extended to them in the opening words of his sermon during the ordination Mass. "My dear young men, you have just received the first two Minor Orders and I wish to congratulate you on your progress to the priesthood. I am confident that you will advance and **I pray and shall continue to pray** that in the near future you shall receive the Sacred Order empowering you to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Perhaps it is just the prayers of these Princes of the Church that has brought success to the work of St. Augustine's. It is significant that less than seven years ago we heard nearly the same words proceeding from the lips of His Excellency Fumasoni Biondi, Apos-

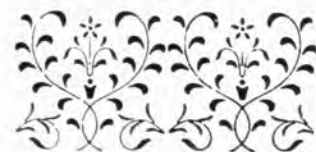
(Continued on Last Page)

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



INTENTION: January 1-9 Conversion of the Pagan World.

Dear Friend:

May I remind you of the Intention for January: *Conversion of the Pagan World?* We have still within our heart the spirit of Christmas—love and generosity. Christ Himself has first shown us His love and generosity by coming into this world for the salvation of mankind, and bestowing His innumerable gifts upon us. He still loves us and is generous to us. Return this love and generosity now! Pray to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the one billion souls who, after 1900 years do not know the love of Jesus that the light of the Gospel may be brought to them.

During this New Year 1932 show Christ your love and generosity! Send us your intention which you wish us to remember in our Novena in Honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

(Rev.) Norbert L. Shuler, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Happy New Year

Ring out the Old! Ring in the New! Many a heart is rejoicing to hear the bells of the New Year peel forth. But before the solemn notes of the Old die out forever, we wish to add our chimes to them and let them carry our message of gratitude and appreciation to all our kind friends. Despite present economic conditions you have kept in touch with us, you have kept the faith with St. Augustine's, and aided us as best you could.

Happy New Year, then, and may it be a year of true happiness and blessing for each and every one! May the bells of the New Year ring out a gladder note, and fill each day with the joy of brightest hope!

Ordinations

As year succeeds year we are more forcibly reminded each time that our colored seminarians are fast approaching their long-desired goal. As every other seminarian they are putting in their long years of study in preparation for the sublimest vocation of all, the

holy priesthood. The same sentiments of love for Christ, the Eternal Priest, fill their souls, while they look towards Him and His Spouse on earth, Holy Mother Church, to confer on them the power to fulfill the command of the Lord: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

Last year the first fruits of St. Augustine's Seminary were admitted into the ranks of the clergy. This year they have taken the first step in the Church towards the holy priesthood. The reception of the first two Minor Orders in itself is of only minor significance, but it is nevertheless a necessary step to the final goal of the cleric. To us it is of special importance, for it is making history in the advance of our Seminary. Rightfully then do the six young men deserve the congratulations of the Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, D. D., Bishop of our Diocese, Natchez, Miss., extended to them in the opening words of his sermon during the ordination Mass. "My dear young men, you have just received the first two Minor Orders and I wish to congratulate you on your progress to the priesthood. I am confident that you will advance and **I pray and shall continue to pray** that in the near future you shall receive the Sacred Order empowering you to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Perhaps it is just the prayers of these Princes of the Church that has brought success to the work of St. Augustine's. It is significant that less than seven years ago we heard nearly the same words proceeding from the lips of His Excellency Fumasoni Biondi, Apos-

(Continued on Last Page)

Rome, The Eternal City

REV. ALPHONSE ELSBERND, S. V. D.

Editor's Note:—The following is an excerpt from a letter recently received from Father Elsbernd. As mentioned in the last issue of the Messenger, he is now in Rome preparing for a doctor's degree in philosophy. Knowing from experience his abilities as a teacher the seminarians as well as the faculty are looking forward to the completion of his two years' course when they hope to welcome him back to St. Augustine's.

Rome—the Eternal City! With what anticipation the traveller searches the horizon for a first glimpse of the Holy City; how his heart thrills with joy when suddenly the gleaming white dome of St. Peter's stands out above the landscape, brilliant in the full Italian sunlight, pointing like a majestic finger Heavenward.

The first step of any visitor is naturally directed to St. Peter's. Approaching, one comes upon the "Piazza," as the Italians call it, the large open space, encircled by the lofty colonnades. The Piazza is over 360 yards long. In the center stands the obelisk which once graced a heathen temple in Egypt, was brought to Rome by Caligula to adorn his circus, and set up in its present place by Pope Sixtus V. On either side stands a fountain playing jets of water to a height of 45 feet. To the right, above the colonnade, can be seen the two windows of the Holy Father's room. There the Representative of Christ works and prays for the flock entrusted to his care.

One enters the Basilica, so gigantic in proportions, so rich in treasure of art and piety, so beautiful in decorations, in mosaics and paintings, and veined marble of delicate colors. One wanders about among the

sweeping arches and vast spaces, speechless in awe and astonishment, almost as if a child had suddenly entered upon a scene in Wonderland.

I knelt at the Confessio—the grave of St. Peter, the Apostolic Prince, to whom our Lord gave the keys. I kissed the foot of the ancient bronze statue of St. Peter, as does every visitor, in token of the loyalty to his successor. Because of the millions that have done so throughout the centuries, the right foot has been worn down considerably. Below in a crypt, is the tomb of Pope Pius X; in the eyes of the people he was a saint. Candles are always burning there before his tomb, and people kneeling in earnest prayer.

It would take too long to mention all the objects of piety that can be found in St. Peter's, or to describe the works of art. One can walk about for hours studying and admiring them, until the feet get tired, and next day one comes back to begin anew. For this is the Church built and adorned by the greatest of the Christian artists, Michelangelo.

* * * *

Next day a visit to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, which, as you know, do not lie far from our Collegio. In the early morning, just as the eastern

sky was reddening, we walked the ancient "Via Appia," which leads out into the open country. Thus the early Christians must have walked this road, in times of persecution, in the secret stillness of night, to where their martyrs lay buried. There they could hold their services in the underground chambers, hidden from the eyes of pagan Rome. Down we went a long flight of steps; the lighted candles in our hands threw dim, fantastic shadows. Along both sides of the narrow passages are row upon row of graves, dug out of the soft tufa rock, one above the other. The body of the deceased was placed inside and the opening walled shut with stone and mortar. Then a marble slab was placed in front, with the name carved in it, and often also a Christian symbol, to express their hope in the resurrection.

We soon reached a more spacious chamber with an altar, and I had the happiness of celebrating Holy Mass among these scenes of early Christian faith and heroism. Possibly even several Popes of the first centuries celebrated the Divine Mysteries here, surrounded by the faithful, many of whom were soon to profess their faith in the arena, and win the martyr's crown.

In this Catacomb Pope St. Sixtus II died a martyr. Here too the body of St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, was discovered in recent times. Her body was still incorrupt after nearly 600 years; she lay there as if bur-

ied but the day before. Three fingers she had stretched out on the one hand, and one on the other. That was the way in which the Christians of that time professed their faith in the Triune God, in the face of pagan idolatry.

It is estimated that the passages of this Catacomb (which is but one among many discovered around Rome) if placed end to end, would reach a distance of over 30 miles, and that 40,000 martyrs have been buried here.

* * * * *

Tomorrow classes begin. Once more I am to take my place among the pupils, to gather in knowledge, instead of giving it out. But I make the change gladly, because it will enable me to become a better teacher. I shall attend classes at the Anselmum, University in charge of the Benedictines. It will be a two-year course in Philosophy under the direction of the well-known Dr. Gredt, O. S. B. As soon as the two years are over you can get the band ready to meet me at the station in Bay St. Louis.



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

The two darkened windows indicated by X are the Holy Father's room.

Rome, The Eternal City

REV. ALPHONSE ELSBERND, S. V. D.

Editor's Note:—The following is an excerpt from a letter recently received from Father Elsbernd. As mentioned in the last issue of the Messenger, he is now in Rome preparing for a doctor's degree in philosophy. Knowing from experience his abilities as a teacher the seminarians as well as the faculty are looking forward to the completion of his two years' course when they hope to welcome him back to St. Augustine's.

Rome—the Eternal City! With what anticipation the traveller searches the horizon for a first glimpse of the Holy City; how his heart thrills with joy when suddenly the gleaming white dome of St. Peter's stands out above the landscape, brilliant in the full Italian sunlight, pointing like a majestic finger Heavenward.

The first step of any visitor is naturally directed to St. Peter's. Approaching, one comes upon the "Piazza," as the Italians call it, the large open space, encircled by the lofty colonnades. The Piazza is over 360 yards long. In the center stands the obelisk which once graced a heathen temple in Egypt, was brought to Rome by Caligula to adorn his circus, and set up in its present place by Pope Sixtus V. On either side stands a fountain playing jets of water to a height of 45 feet. To the right, above the colonnade, can be seen the two windows of the Holy Father's room. There the Representative of Christ works and prays for the flock entrusted to his care.

One enters the Basilica, so gigantic in proportions, so rich in treasure of art and piety, so beautiful in decorations, in mosaics and paintings, and veined marble of delicate colors. One wanders about among the

sweeping arches and vast spaces, speechless in awe and astonishment, almost as if a child had suddenly entered upon a scene in Wonderland.

I knelt at the Confessio—the grave of St. Peter, the Apostolic Prince, to whom our Lord gave the keys. I kissed the foot of the ancient bronze statue of St. Peter, as does every visitor, in token of the loyalty to his successor. Because of the millions that have done so throughout the centuries, the right foot has been worn down considerably. Below in a crypt, is the tomb of Pope Pius X; in the eyes of the people he was a saint. Candles are always burning there before his tomb, and people kneeling in earnest prayer.

It would take too long to mention all the objects of piety that can be found in St. Peter's, or to describe the works of art. One can walk about for hours studying and admiring them, until the feet get tired, and next day one comes back to begin anew. For this is the Church built and adorned by the greatest of the Christian artists, Michelangelo.

* * * *

Next day a visit to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, which, as you know, do not lie far from our Collegio. In the early morning, just as the eastern

sky was reddening, we walked the ancient "Via Appia," which leads out into the open country. Thus the early Christians must have walked this road, in times of persecution, in the secret stillness of night, to where their martyrs lay buried. There they could hold their services in the underground chambers, hidden from the eyes of pagan Rome. Down we went a long flight of steps; the lighted candles in our hands threw dim, fantastic shadows. Along both sides of the narrow passages are row upon row of graves, dug out of the soft tufa rock, one above the other. The body of the deceased was placed inside and the opening walled shut with stone and mortar. Then a marble slab was placed in front, with the name carved in it, and often also a Christian symbol, to express their hope in the resurrection.

We soon reached a more spacious chamber with an altar, and I had the happiness of celebrating Holy Mass among these scenes of early Christian faith and heroism. Possibly even several Popes of the first centuries celebrated the Divine Mysteries here, surrounded by the faithful, many of whom were soon to profess their faith in the arena, and win the martyr's crown.

In this Catacomb Pope St. Sixtus II died a martyr. Here too the body of St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, was discovered in recent times. Her body was still incorrupt after nearly 600 years; she lay there as if bur-

ied but the day before. Three fingers she had stretched out on the one hand, and one on the other. That was the way in which the Christians of that time professed their faith in the Triune God, in the face of pagan idolatry.

It is estimated that the passages of this Catacomb (which is but one among many discovered around Rome) if placed end to end, would reach a distance of over 30 miles, and that 40,000 martyrs have been buried here.

* * * * *

Tomorrow classes begin. Once more I am to take my place among the pupils, to gather in knowledge, instead of giving it out. But I make the change gladly, because it will enable me to become a better teacher. I shall attend classes at the Anselmum, University in charge of the Benedictines. It will be a two-year course in Philosophy under the direction of the well-known Dr. Gredt, O. S. B. As soon as the two years are over you can get the band ready to meet me at the station in Bay St. Louis.



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

The two darkened windows indicated by X are the Holy Father's room.



Probably comparatively few people in our country have anything like a fair estimate of things Catholic in China, the largest nation on earth, so we cull the following interesting facts which were assembled in Fu Jen News Letter, published by the Catholic University Press of Peiping, China:

China's population is over 450,000,000.—The Catholic Church is represented in every part of China.—One out of every 180 Chinese is a Catholic.—There are 75 Bishops, 2,000 foreign and 1,400 native priests, 700 brothers, nearly 4,000 sisters, native and foreign, caring for the spiritual interests of China's 2,500,000 Catholics.—Six native Chinese priests were consecrated bishops by Pope Pius XI on October 28, 1926.—There are 450 advanced primary and secondary schools maintained by the Catholic Church in China, having government recognition. The total number of Chinese Catholic schools is 11,000. The pupils in these schools number nearly 270,000. — The preparatory, minor and major seminaries in China have in attendance nearly 5,000 students. Of these an average of 100 are ordained priests each year.—There are nearly 30,000,000 Mohammedans in China.

* * * *

It is interesting and gratifying to note that there are more than eighty institutions in the United States for the higher education of the Negro:

There are more than 7,000 Negro physicians—some of them of eminence and very great skill especially as surgeons. Negro lawyers of character and ability are winning high

place in every northern city. During the last fifty years, forty-three Negroes have had conferred upon them the degree of doctor of philosophy by our leading institutions of learning. Eighty-eight Negroes have been awarded the "Blue Ribbon" of youthful American scholarship—the prized distinction—the key of Phi Beta Kappa. In the world of business both Bradstreet's and Dun's will list an imposing array of Negro millionaires.

* * * *

Two of the greatest needs in the conversion of Negroes are means and workers. We must look forward to our lay people for the former and to our priests and sisters for the latter. His Grace Archbishop McNicholas, shows his true apostolic spirit, when in these words, he appeals urgently for priests and nuns to undertake work among the colored:

I am convinced that every Sisterhood in the United States should be entrusted with some mission among the colored people in which they can open up free religious schools for the Negro children. Sisterhoods that can support these schools, in whole or in part, should do so as a missionary enterprise. Congregations that can give the services of some of their members without remuneration should regard it as a privilege that will bring a blessing upon their work.

I would like to see all the religious Orders of men in the United States grasp the full significance of the Negro problem. Cannot we hope that some members of every Order or Congregation will be dedicated to this work? The dedication must mean sacrifice not only for the individual but also for the Order or Congrega-

tion. The best and most resourceful members should be selected for the work in order to lay the proper foundation.

* * * *

"The zeal of thy house has eaten me up." Is it not a known fact that those who are heart and soul in furthering God's kingdom, work, pray, sacrifice and preach in season and out of season? that their objective or concentration of purpose is: "Give me souls?" Rev. Dr. Kramer shows such a heartfelt love for Christ in trying to win as many souls of the colored as possible. For this end he pleads, preaches, and works to secure the wherewithal for our priests and sisters in the South to carry on. We quote the following which gives us a glimpse of his zeal for the souls of the Negroes:

The conversion of the colored man in the United States is a great work. It is one of the mightiest tasks facing the American Catholic Church today—a task which each year grows mightier and more difficult. All the Negroes, or at least a vast majority of them, would be Catholics if the start had been made in the beginning and the battle to gain their precious souls been fought with the same energy and love as were expended to hold fast the Catholic souls that came to America from foreign lands. The story runs that less than two per cent of the Negroes of the land are members of the Church which is Christ's true fold. How different it might read! Yet, what hurts most is that the story will not change much this year, next year or in the years to come, unless—yes, unless God will step in and bring about a miraculous transformation in the attitude of Catholics to this problem. If God will give love for souls, shrouded in black-skinned bodies, to all priests and nuns, to all Catholic lay men and women, a veritable tragedy will be brought to a quick close; a new play will begin. It will depict black brothers and white brothers loving one another as the early Christians loved, and, side by side, lining up on the

side of Christ and over against Satan in the world-old war for immortal souls.

* * * *

There's a little good in all of us. This was well shown by the collection of \$130.60 taken up by the inmates of Western Penitentiary, at Woods Run, Penna. This they contributed to the relief fund of the Home for the Age, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, in Pittsburgh.

* * * *

True sincerity always rings true. Therefore though it has been years since the following was spoken, yet we all can perceive the heart-felt sincerity and interest for the conversion of the Negro from their great defender and champion, Archbishop Ireland:

In the name of the Catholic Church, my colored friends, I promise you justice. We are with you. We will stand by you. We will not cease until all your rights are given you—and our Church is mighty in her influence, as her history tells, and as she must be, since her life is divine—and for the sake of your natural and social rights, as well as for the eternal rights of your immortal souls, I would have you take refuge in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church.

* * * *

"Spirtus ubi vult spirat"—The spirit breatheth where He will. A wonderful example of this truth is the following:

In the town of Agua de Dios, one of three leper colonies in the Republic of Columbia, South America, there is a religious Congregation whose membership is made up entirely of young women who are victims of leprosy. This Congregation was founded in 1905 by Salesian missionaries who discovered among the 5,000 lepers a number of young girls who had a vocation for the religious life. Their work is two-fold: they care for lepers in their own homes and conduct schools for the children. There are now about forty Sisters in the Congregation, a large number of them who were far advanced in leprosy when they entered religion having since died.



The Regina Apostolorum Unit is still up and doing. All the business meetings are spiced with bright ideas and the addresses and talks are always to the point. They are still active in collecting stamps and tinfoil. Each Class vies with one another in collecting the greatest amount. The entertainment part is not forgotten either. Last month an illustrated lecture, "God's Mission", was enjoyed. It no doubt inspired and inflamed all with the desire to do great things in the vineyard of the Lord.

Our Mission Unit

Once more the students mark time to the snappy marches of our Band which is making noticeable progress under the able direction of Professor Joseph Hemmersbach. Recruits are filling the vacancies left by our senior class of '31. The contents of "The Beginners' Books" are gradually being mastered by the new comers and reviewed by the old members. Musical ambition among our new students is great this year. Due to the lack of instruments we find several of these ambitious lads struggling on the same instrument. In this case the Professor must apply the adage "To the victor belong the spoils."

Band

Had you been here a few days before you would have known that Thanksgiving was fast approaching. You would have seen John directing a large flock of the feateherd species, cackling their last dirge on their way to the slaughter house only to get it in the neck. Our good cooks finished the job to perfection, by preparing them for the unusual feast. We shall miss the pretty creatures for a while until more are raised in the spring.

Thanksgiving Day

The day itself was spent according to the spirit of the occasion. During the day the students held a Field Day. The program included races, tennis, basketball, etc. The next day the professors saw the effects.

In the evening the students were thrilled through and through by "Speedway" a movie which was procured by our good friend Mr. Rupert Richards who always has been ready to assist us in getting films. St. Augustine's thanks Mr. Richards.

The Church prescribes that superiors of religious houses shall be changed every three years, with the exception that he may receive a second term of office. This is what happened to our Father Rector. It took some time before we learned the good tidings. We then lifted up our voices and said "Many happy returns of the day."

Rector Reappointed

On Monday morning, December 7th, our Most Rev. Bishop arrived at the Seminary and was greeted jubilantly by the whole student body. The Very Rev. Rector and faculty tendered His Excellency a hearty welcome. He came to make another "red-letter" day in the annals of St. Augustine's, by administering the first two Minor Orders on our six scholastics, the first fruits of our Seminary.

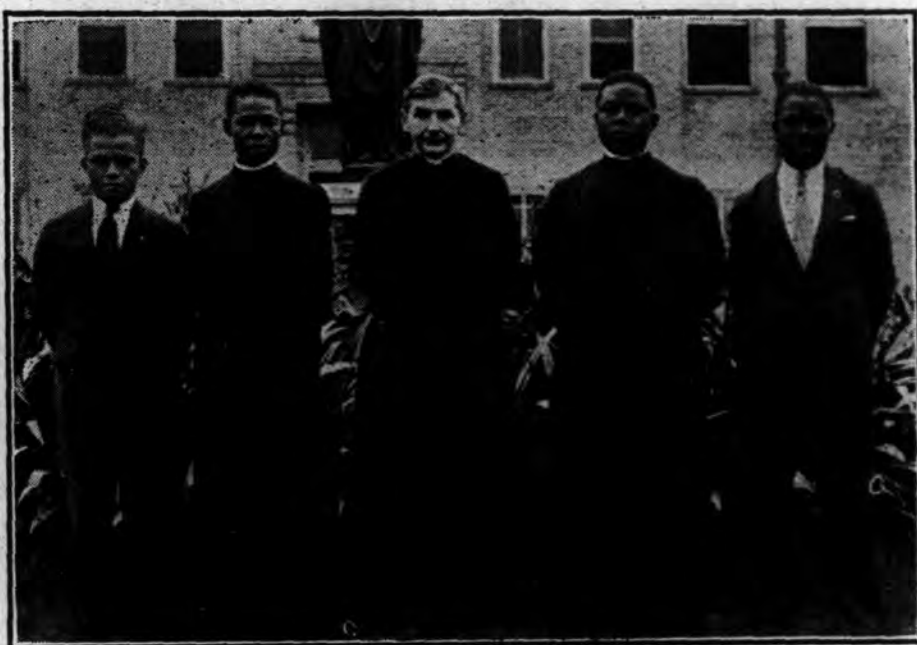
Minor Orders

On the morning of December 8th the Rev. Fathers and Scholastics in solemn procession accompanied His Excellency to the chapel. Here the Bishop vested and began Mass. Preceding the Gloria the six candidates, upon being called by name, advanced and knelt at the foot of the altar before the Bishop. After instructing them in the duties of their office they received the keys of the Church and rang the bell. The Bishop then placed in their hands the Holy Scripture as a symbol of their office. Our heartfelt congratulations are extended to our Minorists!

Visitors

Not long after the Belize disaster, while our minds were still fresh with the horror of it,

one of the Jesuit Missionaries from British Honduras, the Rev. John J. Halligan, S. J., came to visit the Seminary and four of our students from that country. During Father Halligan's first or second year in that mission field, which was also the first year of St. Augustine's, he sent us two boys who are still with us and are now in theology.



Rev. John J. Halligan, S. J., and our Students from Belize and Stann Creek, British Honduras.

This is not a "fish story", but it comes very near to one. The Rev. Francis J. Ostendorf of Decatur, Ill., is a real fisherman and after spending some ten days in Alabama at that healthful pastime, he came over to try his luck in the Bay of St. Louis and the Jordan River. While with us he kept the community supplied with fish, and so we gladly welcome him to try his luck again.



The Regina Apostolorum Unit is still up and doing. All the business meetings are spiced with bright ideas and the addresses and talks are always to the point. They are still active in collecting stamps and tinfoil. Each Class vies with one another in collecting the greatest amount. The entertainment part is not forgotten either. Last month an illustrated lecture, "God's Mission", was enjoyed. It no doubt inspired and inflamed all with the desire to do great things in the vineyard of the Lord.

Our Mission Unit

Once more the students mark time to the snappy marches of our Band which is making noticeable progress under the able direction of Professor Joseph Hemmersbach. Recruits are filling the vacancies left by our senior class of '31. The contents of "The Beginners' Books" are gradually being mastered by the new comers and reviewed by the old members. Musical ambition among our new students is great this year. Due to the lack of instruments we find several of these ambitious lads struggling on the same instrument. In this case the Professor must apply the adage "To the victor belong the spoils."

Band

Had you been here a few days before you would have known that Thanksgiving was fast approaching. You would have seen John directing a large flock of the feateherd species, cackling their last dirge on their way to the slaughter house only to get it in the neck. Our good cooks finished the job to perfection, by preparing them for the unusual feast. We shall miss the pretty creatures for a while until more are raised in the spring.

Thanksgiving Day

The day itself was spent according to the spirit of the occasion. During the day the students held a Field Day. The program included races, tennis, basketball, etc. The next day the professors saw the effects.

In the evening the students were thrilled through and through by "Speedway" a movie which was procured by our good friend Mr. Rupert Richards who always has been ready to assist us in getting films. St. Augustine's thanks Mr. Richards.

The Church prescribes that superiors of religious houses shall be changed every three years, with the exception that he may receive a second term of office. This is what happened to our Father Rector. It took some time before we learned the good tidings. We then lifted up our voices and said "Many happy returns of the day."

Rector

Reappointed

Minor

Orders

On Monday morning, December 7th, our Most Rev. Bishop arrived at the Seminary and was greeted jubilantly by the whole student body. The Very Rev. Rector and faculty tendered His Excellency a hearty welcome. He came to make another "red-letter" day in the annals of St. Augustine's, by administering the first two Minor Orders on our six scholastics, the first fruits of our Seminary.

On the morning of December 8th the Rev. Fathers and Scholastics in solemn procession accompanied His Excellency to the chapel. Here the Bishop vested and began Mass. Preceding the Gloria the six candidates, upon being called by name, advanced and knelt at the foot of the altar before the Bishop. After instructing them in the duties of their office they received the keys of the Church and rang the bell. The Bishop then placed in their hands the Holy Scripture as a symbol of their office. Our heartfelt congratulations are extended to our Minorists!

Visitors

Not long after the Belize disaster, while our minds were still fresh with the horror of it,

one of the Jesuit Missionaries from British Honduras, the Rev. John J. Halligan, S. J., came to visit the Seminary and four of our students from that country. During Father Halligan's first or second year in that mission field, which was also the first year of St. Augustine's, he sent us two boys who are still with us and are now in theology.



Rev. John J. Halligan, S. J., and our Students from Belize and Stann Creek, British Honduras.

This is not a "fish story", but it comes very near to one. The Rev. Francis J. Ostendorf of Decatur, Ill., is a real fisherman and after spending some ten days in Alabama at that healthful pastime, he came over to try his luck in the Bay of St. Louis and the Jordan River. While with us he kept the community supplied with fish, and so we gladly welcome him to try his luck again.

You no doubt have noticed the great improvement in our magazine on account of the many sketches. For these we are indebted to Mr. Louis J. Keimig of Elizabeth, New Jersey. He has always been a generous friend to our Mission Houses. In fact he is the architect of our new Mission House at Island Creek, Mass., which is by now nearing completion. We wish here to express publicly our appreciation and thanks to Mr. Keimig; who in his busy hours finds time enough to help our Seminary. Here goes a rising vote of thanks to our benefactor and friend.

A Generous Friend

MOTHER KATHERINE AND THE COLORED WORK

(Continued from Page 27)

been as so many rays of warm sunshine brightening the darkened lot of hundreds. To the poor, the sick, the aged, the dying—to all they have been good Samaritans. More, they teach those intrusted to them to relieve the needs of others. How many human derelicts in our prisons they have salvaged for society! This is a noble work, all the nobler because it is so hidden and unknown.

A brief appreciation of Mother Katharine's contribution to the Negro, the nation, and the Church will serve as a fitting conclusion.

The priceless opportunity of a thorough Christian education has been placed within reach for many not otherwise having such a chance. Hundreds in various professions have received their entire or at least the background of their education in her schools. Social life and hygienic education are greatly emphasized everywhere. Wherever possible she has turned the Negro's mind to art as a fitting means of expressing his pent-up emotions. In a word, she is helping the Negro to help himself and solve his problems himself.

America, too, is being bene-

fitted. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are educating an appreciable group in the commonwealth to good citizenship. They have helped considerably to better race relations by recognizing two living principles: sympathy is a gift more acceptable than pity; better understanding lies not in accentuating differences so much as in discovering similarities.

Much ground, hitherto lost to the Church, is being slowly recovered, thanks to better instruction and greater interest. Through the agency of schools and convert-classes, many are being brought into the fold.

This noble-hearted, unassuming religious woman and her valiant spiritual daughters are living witnesses of the universality of the Church, continuing the quiet work of the centuries, instructing, elevating, ennobling whithersoever they go!

MISSION NEWS

(Continued from Page 29)

Not long after I had a dream. You know, Father, that I had never met you before that time; I had not even seen you, and did not know how you looked. Well, in my dream I saw you for the first time. It was just as

(Continued on Last Page)

Eleven Years Ago

Excerpts from the Chronicle of St. Augustine's Seminary

Feb. 24th, 1920, permission was obtained from the General Council of the Society of the Divine Word to open a seminary for the education of colored young men for the priesthood at Greenville, Miss. Our chronicle for that year is rather meager and hence we select items here and there which we think might be of interest to our present-day readers.

Sept. 1st, 1920—Not having the \$20,000 needed for the building program, and deciding that Greenville is not a suitable location, Father Christman has decided to erect a cheaper structure. This will house the community-to-be until other plans can be made. Mr. Harris, the carpenter that drew up the plans for the more pretentious \$20,000 building, has been called upon to build the temporary structure. The foundation is laid and the building is under way. This building is to be called Sacred Heart College.

Sept. 15th—The building is not yet complete and two students have already arrived. Not having any accommodations for them, both sleep in the parlor of the Rectory.

Sept. 25th—The attic of the parochial school has been fitted out with beds, wash stands, etc., as a sort of temporary arrangement for a dormitory until better things can be had. The frame work is well hidden

by beaverboard, which, however, does not keep out enough heat in summer, nor cold in winter. Father Christman means to share everything with the boys. He has divided off a little part of their dormitory with a thin partition and sleeps in the enclosure. When parochial work keeps him too busy at the Rectory and he comes in late, it is not unusual to see him take off his shoes and walk in his socks across the floor, so as not to disturb the students.

October—For meals the community goes to the parlor of the Sisters' Convent, where they are exceptionally well treated in every respect. The Sisters do all they can to make the students feel at home in their new surroundings. Father Christman eats at the same time and at the same table with them—Father Jacobs, who is to take charge of the Mission eventually, but in the meantime is to help Father Christman as much as possible, has arrived.

Wishing to save some money for the institution, the four students now here put on their working clothes and began to paint the whole of the new frame building.

Nov. 8th—School begins in the second week of November. The enrollment has now reached seven and the boys are assigned to various classes, some of them attending the parochial grammar school for the present.

MISSION NEWS

(Continued from Page 38)

if I was coming up the street passing your church, and there I saw you standing between the church and the school-building. All at once I heard a voice; I don't know who it was, but I heard someone saying to me in my dream: 'That is the place where you belong.' That dream worried me and worried me. I did not rest until I came to meet you, Father, and as you know, I did not rest until I had joined the Church. I am now and always shall be a Catholic thanks to God and the dear Little Flower."—So far the story of the convert, who is indeed a very sincere and ambitious member of my congregation here.

B. D.

ORDINATIONS

(Continued from Page 31)

tolic Delegate to the United States, on the occasion of his visit here. "You are the first young men whom God has called into this house of studies. This Seminary is but the beginning, please God, of a larger movement. It will grow and grow, and **I shall continue to pray** for its growth."

At that time St. Augustine's was a small place with comparatively few students. "And yet it is great because it is a great undertaking," the Apostolic Delegate said. Since then the number of students has more than doubled, leaving no doubt as to the outcome of this important work: the education of a Colored Clergy for America.

HURRICANE'S HERO

(Continued from Page 25)

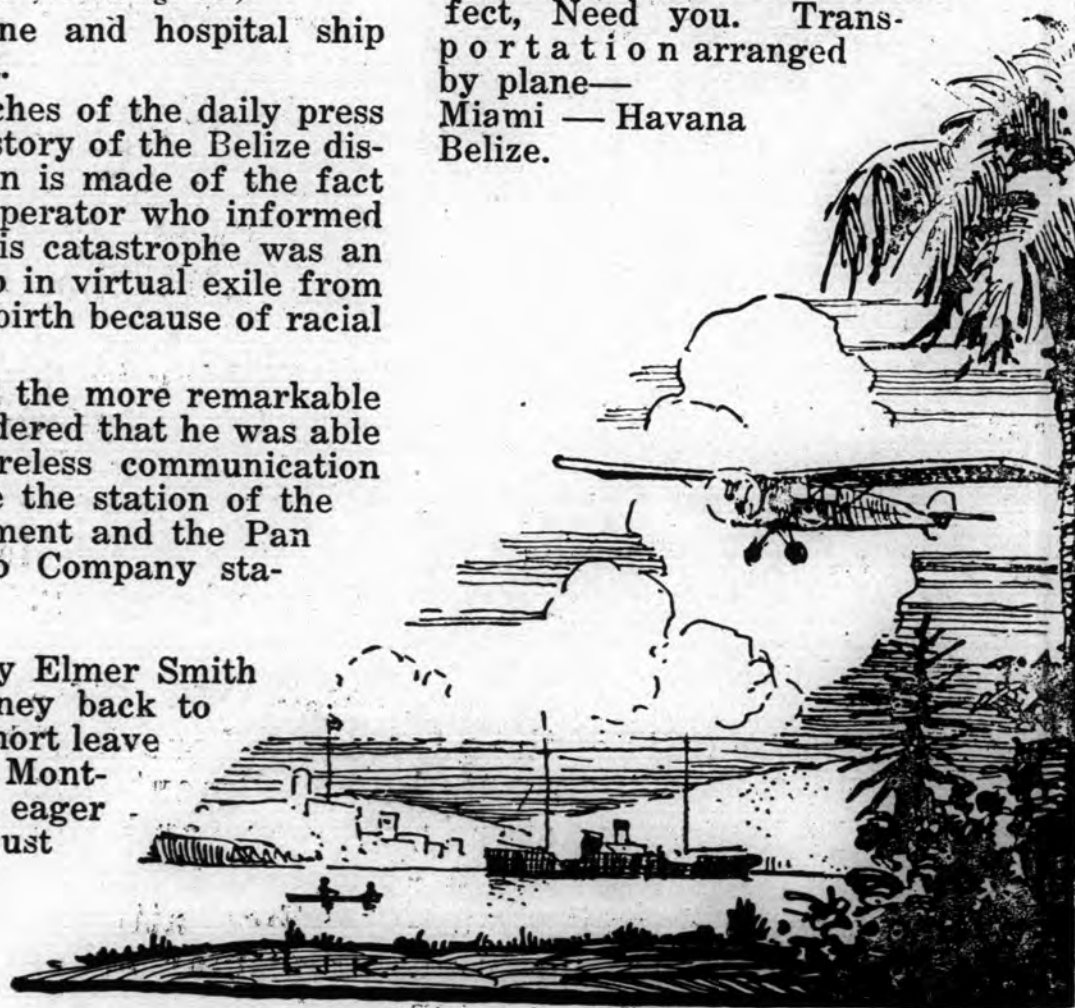
arrived by plane and hospital ship from Nicaragua.

In the dispatches of the daily press recounting the story of the Belize disaster no mention is made of the fact that the radio operator who informed the world of this catastrophe was an American Negro in virtual exile from the land of his birth because of racial prejudice.

His feat is all the more remarkable when it is considered that he was able to establish wireless communication 36 hours before the station of the British Government and the Pan American Radio Company station at Belize.

The other day Elmer Smith began his journey back to Belize after a short leave of absence in Montclair. He was eager to go, and just before

he left he modestly exhibited a cablegram which said in effect, Need you. Transportation arranged by plane—
Miami — Havana
Belize.



St. Patrick and Ireland

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.



Among the great ones of earth whose words and deeds come echoing down the centuries to us is St. Patrick, beloved patron saint and apostle of Ireland.

The feast of the apostle of Ireland is a day of glory for all the native sons and daughters of the land he evangelized, and for all Ireland's spiritual children scattered in all the far-flung quarters of the earth. Nor is the jubilation confined to those of Irish lineage—St. Patrick belongs to the Universal Church. Every child of the Church of whatever land may invoke his powerful intercession.

The most striking thought suggested by this unique feast is this, that the greatest day in the Irish calendar is a religious day, the greatest hero in Irish annals is a religious hero, and the most beloved name in the storied centuries of a martial, brilliant and fighting race is Patrick, a saint of the Most High, an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, and a conqueror who subdued a whole nation without shedding a drop of blood.

The more we review the facts of history, the more the marvel grows. Patrick was born in the latter half of the fourth centu-

ry. In his sixteenth year he was captured by Irish pirates and carried into Ireland, and there sold as a slave to a chieftain who lived in the northern part of the island. Thither he was brought by his master, and there on the mountain side, tending flocks, he endured all the hardships and privations of slavery. Having spent six years in captivity, he set sail for his native land and succeeded in reaching the home of his parents.

After many years of study he was ordained priest and finally sent by Pope St. Celestine I as bishop to Ireland. He returned in 432 as a missionary and in his own lifetime, with scarcely any assistance, converted an entire race. He baptized a nation; he dotted the land with churches; ordained a clergy; established an episcopate; and governed the spiritual affairs of this new realm of Christ. And when he died his spirit sent other missionaries fired with his zeal to carry the banner of faith and the torch of civilization into every nation of the world.

St. Patrick was no ordinary man. He was no ordinary saint. And so today, he is revered as no ordinary hero. Ireland, the home of saints and scholars, has produced countless heroes, whose genius is reflected in the progress of every nation: statesmen, warriors, orators, and poets, but above them all towers like a majestic oak in a forest the mitred figure of St. Patrick.

He towers and will tower forever, an imposing and impressive monument of true greatness and a symbol of Irish fidelity to his spiritual ideals. The holiness of St. Patrick cre-

ated within the souls of his children the indomitable spirit of the martyrs, who can triumph over every danger and remain devoted unto death. But the spirit of the martyr has always filled the heart of the Christian. St. Patrick implanted the faith in the Irish heart. As long as the Irish heart lives it will love, and as long as it loves it will love the higher things that are the fruits of faith. Ireland has been the teacher of the nations for fifteen centuries, the exponent of spiritual ideals, and the preacher of the worth of moral beauty.

The whole-hearted and universal conversion of the Irish is a singularly inspiring chapter in the history of missionary activity. In the year that followed his death the land of St. Patrick became not merely the Island of Saints, but likewise an isle of scholars. In the early centuries of Christianity, when the rest of Europe was shrouded in darkness, Ireland was the intellectual and spiritual metropolis of the world, the refuge of culture and the asylum of religion. To her shrines came pilgrims from all the earth, in quest of religion and learning. Innumerable institutions of learning sprang up, dotting her hillsides and her valleys. She became, in fact, one great university, the international character of whose students has not a parallel in history. And then with the true missionary spirit, from her famous monasteries and schools, saints and scholars, afire with the zeal to spread Christ's Kingdom, went forth to civilize, evangelize and christianize Europe.

(Continued on Page 58)

Papal Mass

REVEREND ALPHONSE ELSBERND, S. V. D.

The large Piazza this morning is full of life; endlessly the crowds stream past the solemn Egyptian obelisk, and the two fountains, on towards St. Peter's. On such occasions one has to have tickets to get in, and one has to come early, to get a good place. Long before time the vast spaces of the Basilica are filled; tens of thousands stand shoulder to shoulder.

Suddenly a trumpet, clear and melodious, sounds at the entrance; it is the sign that the Holy Father has left the Vatican, and is about to enter St. Peter's. Now the dim, far-away cry of "Viva il Papa" (Long live our Pope) is heard, as those outside greet His Holiness; it is taken up by those near the doors, and soon thousands of throats join in, as the procession enters. The lofty vaults re-echo with the joyful welcome. There is clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs; men stand on tip-toes, and mothers lift their children above the crowd and point out the Holy Father to them.

The Noble Guard precedes, dressed in splendid dark-blue uniforms with golden trimmings. The Holy Father himself is seated on a throne, which is carried by four men. The Cardinals follow. Half-

way down the long aisle, the procession halts before the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The crowds grow quiet, and the choir chants a hymn in honor of the Eucharistic Lord. Thereafter the procession moves on, amid renewed demonstrations of joy.

Having reached the Papal altar the throne is lowered and the Holy Father kneels down for a few minutes of prayer, before beginning the Holy Sacrifice. Appropriate songs are rendered by the choir during Mass; often the people join in with a familiar melody.

At the solemn moment of Consecration all is quiet. The Noble Guard, with drawn swords, stand at attention round the altar. Four men, with long silver trumpets, appear high up in the cupola, and play a quaint, solemn melody. They are the heralds announcing the coming of the Son of God upon the altar.

After Mass, the Holy Father kneels for a time in thanksgiving. Then the procession forms again and he is carried down the long aisle, amid "Viva il Papa" and waving and clapping of hands as before. At the door he turns once more, and raises his hand in parting benediction.

UGANDA MARTYR

Jacksonville, Florida.

Dear Rev. Father,

Inclosed you will find Money Order for donation in honor of the powerful intercession of Matthias, Martyr of Uganda for favor received. Please publish.

Sincerely,

T. G.

Chief Black Hawk

By W. J. Narsha



Motoring recently through the lovely Rock River valley in Northwest Illinois I suddenly came, at Oregon, upon the colossal statue of Chief Black Hawk. In solemn grandeur the figure stands, surveying the fruitful lands once owned by his people. I had known, of course, that Lorado Taft's conception of this great chief stood there, but the impressiveness of the statue needs to be seen to be appreciated. With proud uplifted head, roughly-hewn arms folded over his breast, his whole attitude one of defiance, he seemed to be saying: "I am Black Hawk. Like the bird whose name I bear I can be conquered but never tamed."

Half-forgotten memories began to stir in me. I never knew him; he had passed away before I was born. Still his name and fame were my first links with the heroic story of the red-men, whose hardships and struggles have long aroused my interest and indignation. A few of Black Hawk's followers I knew as a boy. A dozen of the children of his band used to play with me by the banks of this same Rock River at Dixon, where my father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church for the years between 1854 and 1861. One of Black Hawk's

fighters was intimately connected with my family in later years. We called him Johnnie Black Hawk, though this was not his name. For all the years of my father's pastorate in the town, he served as janitor of the church, also of a school established on a neighboring hill; and usually he slept on the bare floor of our kitchen. Johnnie Black Hawk was my boyhood hero.

If you had been in our "sitting room," as we called it in those days, along about nine o'clock of an evening you probably would have heard a soft, high-pitched, gentle voice calling out: "Johnnie! Johnnie!" Your first thought doubtless would be that a child was calling from somewhere in the rear of the house. If you had gone to our kitchen you would have seen a big, barefooted, bareheaded Indian lying on the floor, close to the entrance door as if guarding it, already fast asleep. He was Johnnie. Before Black Hawk took the tomahawk in revolt he had befriended the white people. In his broken English he would tell me of it.

"My heart was on the ground," he would say. "I knew many palefaces. At the councils of my people war was talked. At first the Chief tried to quiet it. But no. Hot heads talked and smoked to the four winds. I had two ponies. I said in my heart: 'I will ride one pony and lead the other.' All day and all night I rode warning the palefaces that war was declared against them. When one pony fell down dead I rode the other. I saved many lives."

The Indians, accordingly, cast him out. Johnnie took refuge among the white people, who gladly received him. No housewife knew when he would

take his place at the dinner table, but he always had a welcome. His high-pitched, gentle voice might be heard any night in one's kitchen giving warning of his presence. No one took his presence amiss.

Johnnie was a member of the Winnebago tribe of Indians who were affiliated with the Sacs and Foxes in Wisconsin. Of his mother he had much to say. Her name was Ho-poko-e-kaw, which means "Glory-of-the-morning." She was a descendant of the original queen of the Winnebagos who bore this beautiful poetic name. In 1776 this queen received Captain Carver graciously on his travels. Like one of the Bible women she "hastened to bake him bread." He speaks of this bread with great gusto. It was made from the wild maize. The soft young kernels, while full of milk, were kneaded into paste, the cakes wrapped in bass-wood leaves and baked in the hot ashes of camp-fires. "Better flavored bread I never ate in any country," declares the honest captain in his memoirs. He continues his account thus: "After a four days' visit with the Winnebagos and having made some presents to the good old queen and received her blessing, I went on my way." Picture to yourselves that "blessing"! Again one is reminded of the "Mothers in Israel" whose story is told in the Old Testament.

Johnnie's description of the home of the Winnebagos in Wisconsin still remain in my memory. His particular band of the tribe dwelt on the shores of a great lake whose banks were thickly wooded with hickory, oak, and hazel. Grapes, plums, and other fruits grew in abundance nearby. The lake abounded in fish; and in the fall of the year with geese, ducks, and brant.

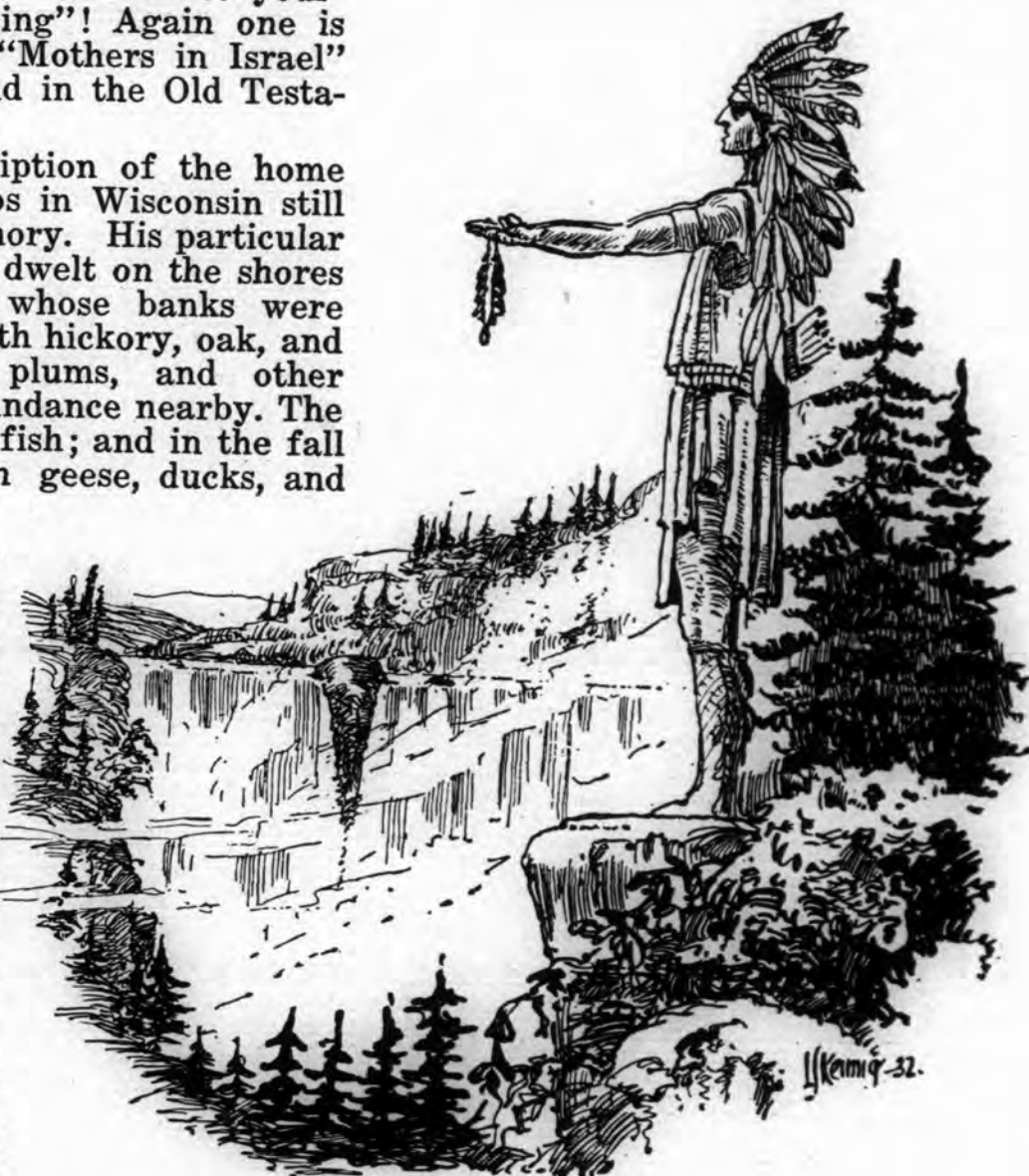
These latter were much better flavored, he held, than those found nearer the sea. In addition they were very fat, having fed on the wild rice that grows so plentifully in those regions to this day. Is it any wonder that the Indians were loath to leave this plentifully supplied land on which their fathers had

lived and in the shady glades of which the bones of their ancestors rested?

Of the devoutly religious feelings of his people Johnnie was never tired of speaking. He himself spent long hours praying to the Great Spirit. One story of a chief of his tribe he told to me again and again. This chief was on a journey and suddenly he came to the Falls of St. Anthony. He had never seen such a sublime sight in his life. "Behold, this is the home of the Great Spirit," he cried. "I have come a long way to find Thee. Happy am I that my two feet have been guided to this spot. Permit me to make to Thee the best offerings in my power."

From the pocket of his deerskin jacket he took his treasured pipe and tossed it into the falls. The roll that contained the tobacco he secured with much expense and trouble followed. Then taking the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists he unclasped and devoted them to his God. After this he tossed into the waters an ornament consisting of beads and wire that encircled his neck, and last of all the earrings from his ears. During all this time the young chief smote his

(Continued on Page 52)



W. K. M. 32.

A Successful Colored Sisterhood

"Blessed be the man that trusteth in the Lord, and the Lord shall be his confidence. And he shall be as a tree that is planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots towards moisture: and it shall not fear when the heat cometh. And the leaf thereof shall be green, and in the time of drought it shall not be solicitous, neither shall it cease at any time to bring forth fruit." (Jer. 17. 7-8.)

The last years of the eighteenth century saw hundreds of Catholic French-speaking refugees of the Race fleeing from San Domingo into American ports. Providentially for those landing in Baltimore, the French Sulpicians had recently opened a sort of parish church under their Seminary Chapel for the colored of the city. Lack of school facilities, however, was proving very detrimental to them.

When Father Nicholas Joubert, a French refugee from the West Indies who had later become a Sulpician, took charge of the colored work, most of his children could neither read nor write. Pondering and praying, he decided to open a school. Both his predecessor, Father Tessier, and Archbishop Marechal approved, but mentioned lack of funds. The following January (1828) the latter died; his successor, Archbishop Whitfield, at once gave permission to proceed with the plan.

After having enlisted two religiously inclined young ladies to conduct the school, Father Joubert conceived with them the idea of a new religious community for this purpose. Approval came once more; with it began his life-work.

On June 13, 1828, his first four postulants and co-foundresses, the Misses Elizabeth Lange, Marie Balas, Marie Boe-gue, and Marie Duchemin,

took up their abode in a rented house with eleven boarders and nine day pupils. Miss Lange became Superior. The Rules which Father Joubert drew up were approved after some revision by his Superior and the Archbishop, and the founder was named first spiritual director.

Discouraging opposition was not long in forthcoming. Many could not imagine colored women "wearing the religious habit and constituting a religious community," learning later that the Archbishop could be as immovable as Christ, Whose vicar he was. First Vows were pronounced on the 2d of July, 1829.

Then followed years of slow growth, much hardship, and sacrifice, the lot of all new communities. Thanks be to God, the school was progressing and already doing much good in Baltimore.

His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI, stamped approval on the congregation under its name of Oblate Sisters of Providence in 1831, according it "all and every grace and privilege already granted the Oblates of St. Frances of Rome."

Came the dreaded cholera in 1832, and it found all eleven nuns volunteering to take care of colored patients in the City Hospital. Only four, however, were required to make the heroic sacrifice.

A few years later Father Joubert rejoiced to see them housed in their own St. Frances Convent and having a school of their own. God was blessing the work.

In 1843 their beloved spiritual director went to his eternal reward after some five years of patient suffering. What would happen, they thought, now that they were bereaved of their devoted Father Joubert!

Dark days followed. Doubts as to the further utility of the congregation found expression in certain quarters. Three members left the community because they could not vision the future before them. The Sulpicians received orders to desist from all besides seminary work. Mass and Confession had to be sought outside the convent. To keep living the Sisters had to take in washing and sewing. Oblates of Prov-

idence indeed! Nevertheless, they obeyed their Rule, trusting in God, and God did not fail them.

The Redemptorists began taking a kindly interest in the community. Their saintly Provincial, Father John N. Neumann, became their confessor and sent two priests to give them a retreat. Another, Father T. Anwander, proved to be a second Father Joubert. He was no sooner with them than he began "re-building" the congregation, making new friends, and re-establishing the prestige of the school. His eight years of fatherly direction no doubt saved the life of the Order. Then in 1855 obedience called him away, the Redemptorists retaining the work for five additional years.

The next to supply a director was the Society of Jesus. Its able Father P. Miller was equal

(Continued on Page 60)



OBLATE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE
1829—Centenary—1929

A Successful Colored Sisterhood

"Blessed be the man that trusteth in the Lord, and the Lord shall be his confidence. And he shall be as a tree that is planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots towards moisture; and it shall not fear when the heat cometh. And the leaf thereof shall be green, and in the time of drought it shall not be solicitous, neither shall it cease at any time to bring forth fruit." (Jer. 17, 7-8.)

The last years of the eighteenth century saw hundreds of Catholic French-speaking refugees of the Race fleeing from San Domingo into American ports. Providentially for those landing in Baltimore, the French Sulpicians had recently opened a sort of parish church under their Seminary Chapel for the colored of the city. Lack of school facilities, however, was proving very detrimental to them.

When Father Nicholas Joubert, a French refugee from the West Indies who had later become a Sulpician, took charge of the colored work, most of his children could neither read nor write. Pondering and praying, he decided to open a school. Both his predecessor, Father Tessier, and Archbishop Marechal approved, but mentioned lack of funds. The following January (1828) the latter died; his successor, Archbishop Whitfield, at once gave permission to proceed with the plan.

After having enlisted two religiously inclined young ladies to conduct the school, Father Joubert conceived with them the idea of a new religious community for this purpose. Approval came once more; with it began his life-work.

On June 13, 1828, his first four postulants and co-foundresses, the Misses Elizabeth Lange; Marie Balas, Marie Boe-gue, and Marie Duchemin,

took up their abode in a rented house with eleven boarders and nine day pupils. Miss Lange became Superior. The Rules which Father Joubert drew up were approved after some revision by his Superior and the Archbishop, and the founder was named first spiritual director.

Discouraging opposition was not long in forthcoming. Many could not imagine colored women "wearing the religious habit and constituting a religious community," learning later that the Archbishop could be as immovable as Christ, Whose vicar he was. First Vows were pronounced on the 2d of July, 1829.

Then followed years of slow growth, much hardship, and sacrifice, the lot of all new communities. Thanks be to God, the school was progressing and already doing much good in Baltimore.

His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI, stamped approval on the congregation under its name of Oblate Sisters of Providence in 1831, according it "all and every grace and privilege already granted the Oblates of St. Frances of Rome."

Came the dreaded cholera in 1832, and it found all eleven nuns volunteering to take care of colored patients in the City Hospital. Only four, however, were required to make the heroic sacrifice.

A few years later Father Joubert rejoiced to see them housed in their own St. Frances Convent and having a school of their own. God was blessing the work.

In 1843 their beloved spiritual director went to his eternal reward after some five years of patient suffering. What would happen, they thought, now that they were bereaved of their devoted Father Joubert!

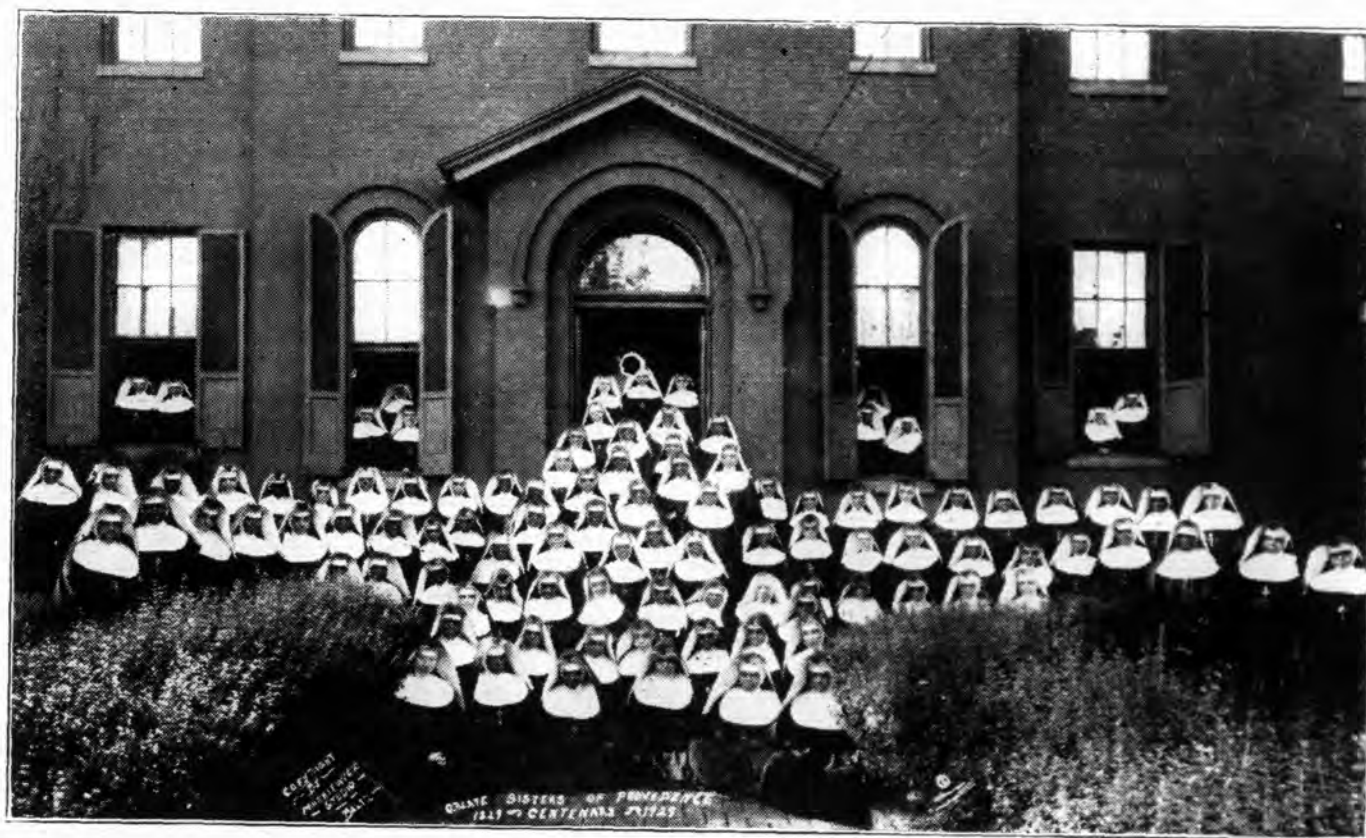
Dark days followed. Doubts as to the further utility of the congregation found expression in certain quarters. Three members left the community because they could not vision the future before them. The Sulpicians received orders to desist from all besides seminary work. Mass and Confession had to be sought outside the convent. To keep living the Sisters had to take in washing and sewing. Oblates of Prov-

idence indeed! Nevertheless, they obeyed their Rule, trusting in God, and God did not fail them.

The Redemptorists began taking a kindly interest in the community. Their saintly Provincial, Father John N. Neumann, became their confessor and sent two priests to give them a retreat. Another, Father T. Anwander, proved to be a second Father Joubert. He was no sooner with them than he began "re-building" the congregation, making new friends, and re-establishing the prestige of the school. His eight years of fatherly direction no doubt saved the life of the Order. Then in 1855 obedience called him away, the Redemptorists retaining the work for five additional years.

The next to supply a director was the Society of Jesus. Its able Father P. Miller was equal

(Continued on Page 60)



OBLATE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE
1829—Centenary—1929



ST. ELIZABETH'S PARISH Chicago, Illinois

The Golden Jubilee celebration of the founding of St. Elizabeth's colored parish in Chicago was held on November 22nd of last year. The event was preceded by a triduum which began on the feast of St. Elizabeth, Nov. 19th. This date also commemorated the septenary of the death of the saintly patroness of the parish. It also marked the fortieth year since the erection of the definite church building. Due to the fact that fire had destroyed the church edifice some time previously, and because of the difficulty of the times, the keynote of the entire celebration was simplicity. The whole affair was minus pomp and devoid of undue show and display. The Very Reverend Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D., was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass on the day of the celebration itself. The Reverend James Mertz, S. J., who conducted the triduum, also preached the sermon on the occasion.

This now flourishing colored parish had very humble beginnings, when in 1881 a few colored Catholics of Chicago banded together for the purpose of gathering in their own. For the first ten years they

were cared for by the pastor of St. Mary's Church.

The Reverend Augustus Tolton, ordained at the Propaganda College, Rome, in 1881 was appointed to organize St. Monica's parish in 1891. Father Tolton has the distinction of being the first colored priest in the United States. He immediately won the hearts of his own people as well as the hearts of the whites. The parish grew and prospered to such an extent that larger quarters became almost necessary at that time. However, on June 9th, 1897, Father Tolton was suddenly taken from his beloved parish by a sunstroke.

The next twenty-odd years saw the parish pass through many vicissitudes. In October, 1917, Cardinal Mundelein requested the Society of the Divine Word to take over St. Monica's. Rev. August Reismann, S. V. D., was at once appointed and was succeeded in 1921 by Rev. Joseph Eckert, S. V. D., who for the past ten years has worked untiringly for the parish. In 1924 St. Monica's parish received the more substantial St. Elizabeth's Church and school buildings.

During the ten years in which Father Eckert has been pastor, the parish has been growing rapidly, both on account of mi-

gration from the South, and because of the many converts. Father Eckert has averaged more than 150 converts a year during his pastorate.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

Little Rock, Arkansas

Just listen to what the pastor of St. Bartholomew's in Little Rock, Ark., has to say for himself: "One thing is certain, Little Rock has now the finest outlay of the mission stations of the Society in the South: fine church, fine rectory, Sisters' convent, fine school, fine high school, and a fine boss!"

Not three years have elapsed since Rev. Conrad Kinder, S. V. D., left St. Augustine's for his first pastoral appointment in the South. In this space of time he has not only improved the buildings but has worked for the spiritual uplift of the parish. He mentions among other things that his school is gradually becoming a Catholic school. "It is almost fifty per

The accompanying picture shows some of Father Kinder's little ones.

CHINESE MISSIONS GAIN DESPITE CHAOS

Progress and achievement in various branches of missionary endeavor have been recorded in the Vicariate of Yenchowfu, China, in the past year, despite the "local wars and attacks by bandits" that have been raging all about that mission area, the Rt. Rev. Augustine Henninghaus, S. V. D., Vicar Apostolic of Yenchowfu, reports in his "New Year's Letter," received by the Provincial of the Society of the Divine Word at the Order's headquarters, at Techny, Illinois.

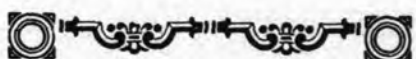
Bishop Henninghaus, also lists a statistical record of the Vicariate. Some of the more important figures are as follows: Baptized Christians, 95,715; catechumens, 24,000; 71 Fathers of the Divine Word, six of them natives; 27 secular



Some of the Tots

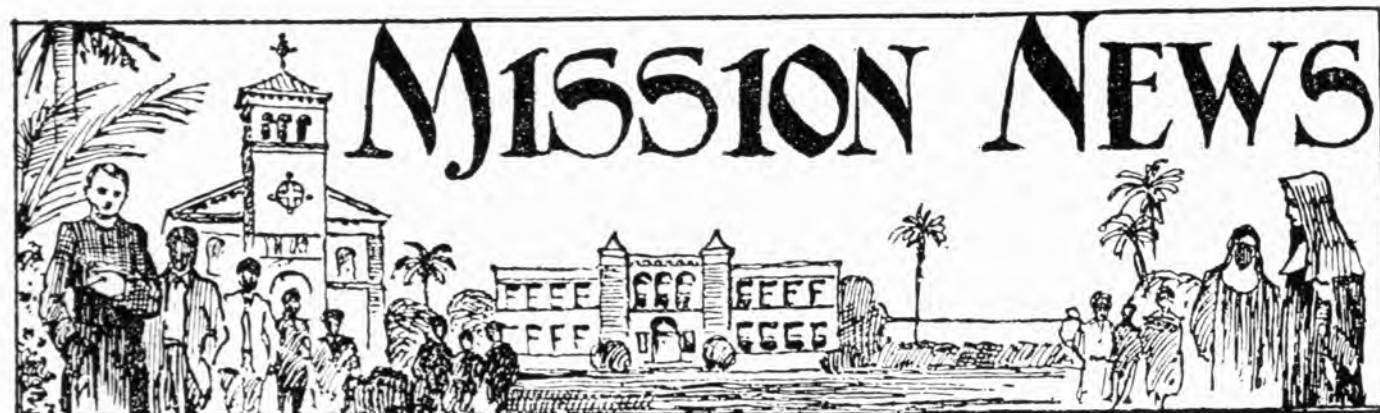
at

Saint Bartholomew's



cent Catholic now. At Easter I have twelve children for baptism, which will make it pass the fifty per cent mark. The higher up you go in the grades, the more Catholics there are; the seventh and eighth grades are ninety per cent Catholic."

priests; 21 missionary Brothers; Sisters of Steyl, 71; Oblates of the Holy Family (native), 95; alumni seminarians, 108; pupils attending 3 catechetical schools, 111; churches and chapels, 188; winter schools 84; and schools, 234, attended by 4,795 pupils.



ST. ELIZABETH'S PARISH

Chicago, Illinois

The Golden Jubilee celebration of the founding of St. Elizabeth's colored parish in Chicago was held on November 22nd of last year. The event was preceded by a triduum which began on the feast of St. Elizabeth, Nov. 19th. This date also commemorated the septenary of the death of the saintly patroness of the parish. It also marked the fortieth year since the erection of the definite church building. Due to the fact that fire had destroyed the church edifice some time previously, and because of the difficulty of the times, the keynote of the entire celebration was simplicity. The whole affair was minus pomp and devoid of undue show and display. The Very Reverend Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D., was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass on the day of the celebration itself. The Reverend James Mertz, S. J., who conducted the triduum, also preached the sermon on the occasion.

This now flourishing colored parish had very humble beginnings, when in 1881 a few colored Catholics of Chicago banded together for the purpose of gathering in their own. For the first ten years they

were cared for by the pastor of St. Mary's Church.

The Reverend Augustus Tolton, ordained at the Propaganda College, Rome, in 1881 was appointed to organize St. Monica's parish in 1891. Father Tolton has the distinction of being the first colored priest in the United States. He immediately won the hearts of his own people as well as the hearts of the whites. The parish grew and prospered to such an extent that larger quarters became almost necessary at that time. However, on June 9th, 1897, Father Tolton was suddenly taken from his beloved parish by a sunstroke.

The next twenty-odd years saw the parish pass through many vicissitudes. In October, 1917, Cardinal Mundelein requested the Society of the Divine Word to take over St. Monica's. Rev. August Reismann, S. V. D., was at once appointed and was succeeded in 1921 by Rev. Joseph Eckert, S. V. D., who for the past ten years has worked untiringly for the parish. In 1924 St. Monica's parish received the more substantial St. Elizabeth's Church and school buildings.

During the ten years in which Father Eckert has been pastor, the parish has been growing rapidly, both on account of mi-

gration from the South, and because of the many converts. Father Eckert has averaged more than 150 converts a year during his pastorate.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

Little Rock, Arkansas

Just listen to what the pastor of St. Bartholomew's in Little Rock, Ark., has to say for himself: "One thing is certain, Little Rock has now the finest outlay of the mission stations of the Society in the South: fine church, fine rectory, Sisters' convent, fine school, fine high school, and a fine boss!"

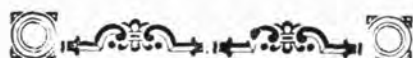
Not three years have elapsed since Rev. Conrad Kinder, S. V. D., left St. Augustine's for his first pastoral appointment in the South. In this space of time he has not only improved the buildings but has worked for the spiritual uplift of the parish. He mentions among other things that his school is gradually becoming a Catholic school. "It is almost fifty per

The accompanying picture shows some of Father Kinder's little ones.

CHINESE MISSIONS GAIN DESPITE CHAOS

Progress and achievement in various branches of missionary endeavor have been recorded in the Vicariate of Yenchowfu, China, in the past year, despite the "local wars and attacks by bandits" that have been raging all about that mission area, the Rt. Rev. Augustine Henninghaus, S. V. D., Vicar Apostolic of Yenchowfu, reports in his "New Year's Letter," received by the Provincial of the Society of the Divine Word at the Order's headquarters, at Techny, Illinois.

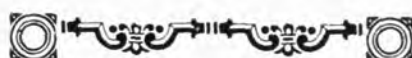
Bishop Henninghaus, also lists a statistical record of the Vicariate. Some of the more important figures are as follows: Baptized Christians, 95,715; catechumens, 24,000; 71 Fathers of the Divine Word, six of them natives; 27 secular



Some of the Tots

at

Saint Bartholomew's



cent Catholic now. At Easter I have twelve children for baptism, which will make it pass the fifty per cent mark. The higher up you go in the grades, the more Catholics there are; the seventh and eighth grades are ninety per cent Catholic."

priests; 21 missionary Brothers; Sisters of Steyl, 71; Oblates of the Holy Family (native), 95; alumni seminarians, 108; pupils attending 3 catechetical schools, 111; churches and chapels, 188; winter schools 84; and schools, 234, attended by 4,795 pupils.

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



INTENTION: March 1-9 for the Grace of a Happy Death.

Dear Friend:

The March intention as you remember was for *the Grace of a Happy Death*. Christ says: "Be you also ready, because at what hour you know not, the Son of Man will come." He bids you to be always prepared. The greatest folly then that you can be guilty of is to lose the precious time that God has given you wherein to make this preparation, and to postpone it to the last moment of your life. The only true and real preparation for death consists in leading a good life.

As you live so shall you die! Make your prayers, confessions and holy communions, hear Mass, as if each duty were to be your last. Often recommend to God that last hour of your life. Beseech Him with all your heart that He may grant you a holy death. Make the Novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help for this intention.

Rev. Norbert L. Shuler, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Another Negro Priest

On October 25, 1931, a Negro, the Reverend Joseph Faye, a native of Senegal, French West Africa, was ordained to the holy priesthood by His Eminence, Cardinal Verdier, in the historic Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris.

This ordination has evoked world-wide comment and should not pass unsung by us who are doing what little we can for the establishment of a colored clergy in America. What the New York *Evening Journal* said editorially is well worthy of repetition:

"This event is interesting in many ways, and principally as it illustrates the ancient wisdom of the Catholic Church in giving OPPORTUNITY to those that can deserve it.

"Napoleon took for his motto as Emperor 'Careers open to talent.' He aroused enthusiasm and loyalty in his followers by telling them that the humblest might reach the highest place. He taught his soldiers to believe that 'Every soldier may

carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack.'

"Napoleon's idea was old when he announced it. What he advocated in the way of encouraging those in humble station had been advocated and DONE by the Catholic Church for centuries. A humble swineherd could be, and WAS, elevated to the Papacy, put at the head of the most powerful Church on earth. . . .

"Let opportunities be open to ALL, give advancement to those that deserve it, especially to those in your own ranks."

Opportunities were open to young men in Africa a hundred and more years ago while here in America even today conditions on that score are not what they should be. The results, too, have been in proportion. For while in Africa there are over THREE HUNDRED native priests, in the United States there are only THREE.

Up to the present day no more than NINE Negro priests have been ordained and have worked in the United States. Considering the number of Negroes this is far too few. There could be a far greater number of Negro Catholics today if OPPORTUNITY had been given Negro boys to study for the priesthood from the time of the arrival of the race in America.

However, it is not too late. A native clergy has been and will be established wherever the Gospel of Christ is preached and so we look forward to the day when UNRESTRICTED opportunities will be offered to all who wish to become priests of God either as seculars or religious.

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



INTENTION: March 1-9 for the Grace of a Happy Death.

Dear Friend:

The March intention as you remember was for *the Grace of a Happy Death*. Christ says: "Be you also ready, because at what hour you know not, the Son of Man will come." He bids you to be always prepared. The greatest folly then that you can be guilty of is to lose the precious time that God has given you wherein to make this preparation, and to postpone it to the last moment of your life. The only true and real preparation for death consists in leading a good life.

As you live so shall you die! Make your prayers, confessions and holy communions, hear Mass, as if each duty were to be your last. Often recommend to God that last hour of your life. Beseech Him with all your heart that He may grant you a holy death. Make the Novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help for this intention.

Rev. Norbert L. Shuler, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Another Negro Priest

On October 25, 1931, a Negro, the Reverend Joseph Faye, a native of Senegal, French West Africa, was ordained to the holy priesthood by His Eminence, Cardinal Verdier, in the historic Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris.

This ordination has evoked world-wide comment and should not pass unsung by us who are doing what little we can for the establishment of a colored clergy in America. What the New York *Evening Journal* said editorially is well worthy of repetition:

"This event is interesting in many ways, and principally as it illustrates the ancient wisdom of the Catholic Church in giving OPPORTUNITY to those that can deserve it.

"Napoleon took for his motto as Emperor 'Careers open to talent.' He aroused enthusiasm and loyalty in his followers by telling them that the humblest might reach the highest place. He taught his soldiers to believe that 'Every soldier may

carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack.'

"Napoleon's idea was old when he announced it. What he advocated in the way of encouraging those in humble station had been advocated and DONE by the Catholic Church for centuries. A humble swineherd could be, and WAS, elevated to the Papacy, put at the head of the most powerful Church on earth. . . .

"Let opportunities be open to ALL, give advancement to those that deserve it, especially to those in your own ranks."

Opportunities were open to young men in Africa a hundred and more years ago while here in America even today conditions on that score are not what they should be. The results, too, have been in proportion. For while in Africa there are over THREE HUNDRED native priests, in the United States there are only THREE.

Up to the present day no more than NINE Negro priests have been ordained and have worked in the United States. Considering the number of Negroes this is far too few. There could be a far greater number of Negro Catholics today if OPPORTUNITY had been given Negro boys to study for the priesthood from the time of the arrival of the race in America.

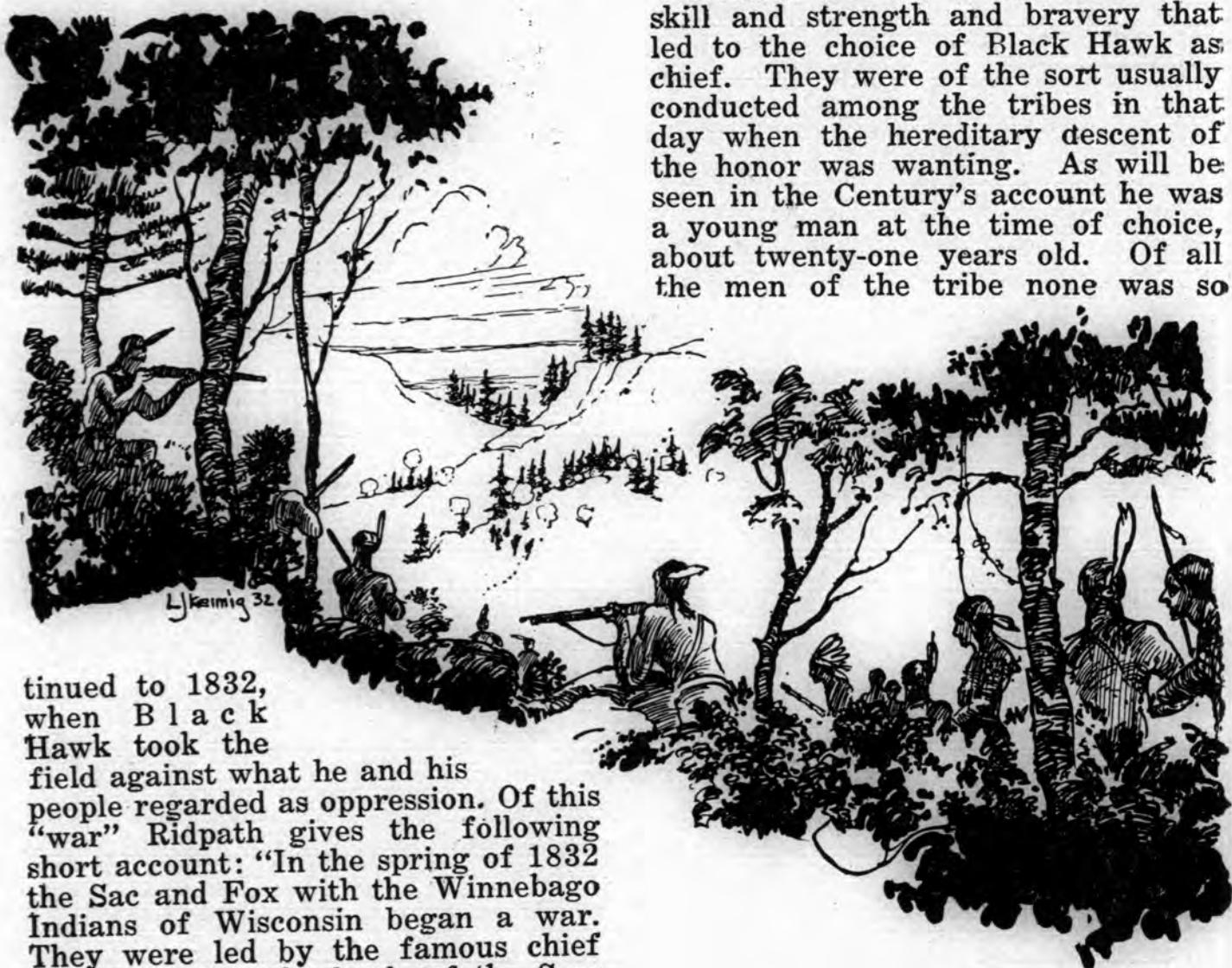
However, it is not too late. A native clergy has been and will be established wherever the Gospel of Christ is preached and so we look forward to the day when UNRESTRICTED opportunities will be offered to all who wish to become priests of God either as seculars or religious.

CHIEF BLACK HAWK

(Continued from page 45)

breast confessing his sins and praying for the blessing that he believed the Great Spirit was so ready to bestow on the faithful. Such was the fundamental piety of the Winnebagos before contact with the white people. Even after contact and more or less contamination, many of them retained their devout feelings. I am sure no member of my father's congregation was more faithful in attendance and with deeper prayerful spirit than Johnnie Black Hawk.

Treaties more or less forced on the Winnebagos began in 1815 and con-



tinued to 1832, when Black Hawk took the field against what he and his people regarded as oppression. Of this "war" Ridpath gives the following short account: "In the spring of 1832 the Sac and Fox with the Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin began a war. They were led by the famous chief Black Hawk. The lands of the Sacs and Foxes had been purchased by the government twenty-five years previously, but the Indians had remained in the ceded territory. When at last they were required to give possession they refused to comply. The government insisted that they fulfill their contract and hostilities began. The governor of Illinois called out the militia, and General Scott was sent with troops to Chicago to cooperate with General Atkinson. The latter waged a vigorous campaign, defeated the Indians, and made Black Hawk a prisoner." Intelligent friends of the red-

men will have no difficulty in reading between the lines of this account to discover the real "insistence" put on the original owners of the land to yield to the clamor of the white people to take possession.

Equally meager are the accounts preserved in history of the life and personal features of Chief Black Hawk. Of him the *Century Cyclo- pedia of Names* states that he "was born at Kaskaskia, Illinois, 1767; died near the Des Moines River, Iowa, October 3, 1838. An American Indian, chosen chief of the Sacs about 1788. He was the leader in the revolt of the Sacs and Foxes in 1832, the 'Black Hawk War'."

Johnnie told me of the contests of skill and strength and bravery that led to the choice of Black Hawk as chief. They were of the sort usually conducted among the tribes in that day when the hereditary descent of the honor was wanting. As will be seen in the *Century's* account he was a young man at the time of choice, about twenty-one years old. Of all the men of the tribe none was so

tall and strong and fearless. Races were run; he came out foremost. Great weights were lifted and flung; his made the records. As to bravery there were no fights with the white people but there were frequent raids against them conducted by the Sioux, the "cut-throat" tribe. In these conflicts Black Hawk showed his mettle. His tall, manly figure also gave him prominence. The Winnebago means "people of the saltwater." But the Sioux changed this to "O-ton-kah," which means "the large, strong people." It is generally supposed that

his name was given because of the individual size and great strength of these redmen. The description would apply with equal force to the Sacs and Foxes. Their outdoor life in that vigorous climate would in the progress of the years make of them true O-ton-kahs, a large and vigorous people. Of them all, as Johnnie reported, none merited the name better than his hero Black Hawk.

Perfectly do I remember Johnnie's telling of the scene that finally led to the "revolt" of these tribes and began the so-called "war". It appears that Black Hawk held steadily to the belief that peaceful means could be found by which the Indians would be allowed to remain on their ancestral homes. To be sure the government had paid \$20,000 on account, a small part of the worth of the lands, but this sum could be repaid by the Sacs easily. In addition it was Black Hawk's view that small prospect existed of getting any further payment from the government. His plan was, and in all the later councils he held to it, to return the money to Wash-

ington. But a band of white people took the matter in hand. Early in the spring of 1832 these men ran off a band of ponies and some cattle belonging to the Indians, shot one Winnebago who opposed them, and then there was no possibility of peace. It was the old story. Even then, when a force of mingled Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagos gathered on the shore of Rock River, not far from the spot where the statue of Black Hawk stands today, he rode up on his fine horse, "made them a talk," threatened to shoot any one of them who stepped into the water of the ford to make a crossing so dangerous to the tribes-folk. For the day his insistence prevailed. But soon thereafter he was persuaded to change and took command of the ill-fated revolt. He knew it was ill-fated, as Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces did and as many a chieftain has known, but he did his best to fulfill a chief's duty to his followers. A noble defender of what he believed to be the rights of his people! A patriot as true as Washington!

Julius Rosenwald

Julius Rosenwald, the well known philanthropist, died January 6 of this year. The following tribute from the pen of Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, appeared in the *Tribune* (Wash., D. C.) Jan. 15, 1932:

As he left he passed his blazing torch of world service to his children and bade them continue to carry it forward to Jews and gentiles in every nation and in every race under heaven.

What a rich heritage for those children! A marvelous and matchless humanitarian has gone, but didn't his light shine while he was with us? Didn't he carry on for God? He lighted, lifted and led in the service of humanity. He loved his fellowman and he showed it in a practical and definite plan of co-operation. He worked with them. He knew the burdened ones and got under the load and showed them how to carry as much of it as they could. He was too sensible to carry the entire burden for them. He carried it with them so that they could learn to carry it without him. He did not help men to become helpless.

He taught men how to work together and how to walk together in the path of human betterment. He walked by their side and gave them the smile of a real brother as he journeyed with them under the load.

What Julius Rosenwald has done throughout the whole world shall also be told as a memorial of him wherever the gospel of social welfare is preached. He built his own monument. His benefactions cannot be enumerated or estimated. Figures cannot tell what he did. No man can number them. They are the leaven in the lump. You who want to know how much he did to help this old world—to lift it up and light it up, will have to wait until Judgment Day.

The major objectives to which Julius Rosenwald dedicated princely gifts should become the major objectives of the Negro race. They would be the only monument which he would desire. What were these objectives? First, self-help; secondly, a school house in every hamlet of the south; third, an open door for Christian association in every city.

If we really appreciate what he has done for us, we will take up where he left off and carry on. That is the kind of memorial which Julius Rosenwald the prince of humanitarians would like to have us build.



This excerpt, gleaned from our Negro and Indian Missions, shows that our noble self-sacrificing missionaries to the Negroes are hopeful for the conversion of the colored to Holy Mother Church. Each and every one of us can help those courageous laborers either by our prayers or alms—or possibly with both.

The significance of the work that is being done among the Negroes in the United States is too generally ignored. It appears to be commonly assumed that, although this work is undoubtedly justified in principle, its results are of no real consequence and that they are not likely to be so. The undertaking itself might easily seem to be impossible—the conversion of 12,000,000 Negroes, the results meagre—220,000 Catholic Negroes, the material unpromising. This, however, is not the persuasion of those who are in close contact with this work or are engaged in it. The strong, clear note of optimism in their reports is impressive. This should not be mistaken for a brave gesture in a hopeless cause, or for a shallow optimism bred of easy and superficial successes. It is profound conviction in the actual value of the work and real confidence in its outcome.

The missionaries of St. Joseph's Society labor exclusively among the colored. They are pioneers in this field. It is very gratifying to note their success as described by the Superior General, Very Rev. L. B. Pastorelli, S. S. J.

St. Joseph's Society is achieving remarkable results with the limited number of priests and the inadequate

resources at its disposal. We have in our care 63,334 souls, which is half the number of Negroes who attend churches for their exclusive use. In our charge are fifty-six churches with resident priests and twenty-five missions. Attached to these churches are 65 schools, in which 12,515 children are being taught by 233 Sisters and seventy-seven lay teachers. Our Fathers now number eighty-eight, while sixty-one seminarians and eighty-five preparatory students are enrolled in our seminary and college.

* * * * *

Galveston, Texas, can well be proud of its accredited high school, taught by colored Sisters of the Holy Family. Rev. Fitzpatrick who was most instrumental in bringing this about says this about higher Negro education.

The Negroes in the South are demanding higher education. If the Catholic Church is not prepared to give it to them, we are only losing our time, as they will be lost to the Faith. It is necessary to maintain schools for higher education.

* * * * *

Last November at the dedication of the Queen of the Angels Church, Newark, N. J., for colored Catholics, Most Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, Bishop of the Newark diocese, spoke. He congratulated Rev. Cornelius J. Ahern, pastor, and his parishioners on the accomplishments of the year, attested by the growth of the parish from 63 members to more than 600. The apostolic Bishop made these significant and consoling statements to the Negroes:

This is especially your parish, but I want you to know, in accordance with the law of the Universal Church that every parish church, every parish school and other institutions of the diocese are yours for use and patronage, exactly as they are for people of other nationalities and color.

Before the Catholic altar there is no distinction in color or race. Every one has the same rights. The Catholic Church wishes and prays that you may be gifted with the light of faith and that you may spread that faith. You will find there is good-will for you throughout the diocese.

* * * * *

"Facta et non verba," facts and not words, are the acid tests for solid proof. So in his quiet and unostensible way, Professor Carver, the Negro chemist at Tuskegee Institute works. From sweet potatoes alone he has obtained 118 products including library paste, stock-food, vinegar, molasses, candy, ink, shoe-blackening. From peanuts Professor Carver has taken 202 useful articles ranging all the way from powder, linoleum, dyes and sauces, to salads, milk and other beverages. Even today he is working and discovering new and useful products from soybean, dandelions, sweet-gum, willow, okra, cotton stalks, and tomato stems. Edison, the great inventor, once offered this great chemist a princely salary to spend five years in the Edison laboratories, but he preferred to remain with his own work among his own people. It is of special joy to note that Professor Carver is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain—a rare honor.

* * * * *

In the city of New Orleans, thousands attended the laying of the cornerstone of the new Flint-Goodrich Hospital of Dillard University. The cost of the hospital will approximate \$350,000 of the \$2,000,000 raised for Dillard University. Five groups provided the money—American Missionary Society, the M. E. Church, General Education Board, Julius Rosenwald Fund, and the citizens of New Orleans. Anent the

Dillard University Dr. Fred McCuiston of Chicago had this to say:

New Orleans, is an outstanding example of what intelligent civic leaders are doing for the Negro. Dillard university, being built here, is evidence of the increasing regard for the Negro in all sections of Dixie where the people are beginning to see through the veils of hatred and blind prejudice.

Fifteen years ago, there were 2600 Negroes in colleges in the South which represented an investment of about \$5,000,000. Today there are 19,000 students in 112 Negro colleges in the Southern states, in which states have invested \$17,000,000 and individuals and church organizations \$27,000,000.

* * * * *

One of the marks of the Catholic Faith is **holiness**. For this reason the Holy Ghost, the guide of the Church will always give her saints. In our days not a few of our noble hearted men and women are spending themselves for Christ and His brothers in the distant foreign missions. An example of such heroism is the following:

Not many months ago there died at Makogia, in the Fiji Islands, a Marist priest, Father Francis Xavier Nicouleau, whose story runs in this fashion: Born in France, in 1865, at the age of twenty-eight he went to Oceania as a Marist missionary; and there he labored for thirty-six years. In 1913 he offered to replace the chaplain of the leper colony of Makogia who had been drowned. Nine years later, broken in health, he had left his post to take a short rest, when the doctors found that his malady was leprosy, and it was necessary to send him back to Makogia at once, to be, henceforth, a patient as well as the pastor. When their diagnosis was made known to him, Father Nicouleau's answer was to chant the Magnificat.



The basketball court was the favorite "hang out" during the last months. As the season is now coming to a close, we can report games that were executed "almost" flawlessly. The forwards were becoming so perfect that they shot baskets without touching the rim.—Believe it or not.—And talk about luminaries, one cannot start to enumerate them. Why we have them of all magnitudes. Every game disclosed a new star. Even some of the players saw more than one star. One remarked that he thought he was in the upper regions after a head-on collision. At any rate the "cage-game" proved a favorite pastime, and during the whole season interest was kept at it highest point.

Jump Center

Almost before we realized it the winter semester of the students came to a close. Of course they had to make their examinations. Every student dipped his pen in the ink of wisdom, and with a hopeful prayer went to work at his exams. Some of the examinations were quite difficult, for the boys remarked "Father, I didn't know you could ask such questions." After the fray of three days ended, they breathed a sigh of relief. All came through alive. The reports were distributed on the tenth of February and were sent home in order to obtain the signature of the respective parents or guardians.

Half Way

Our Seminarians were also in the front line of battle. In the struggle they had to face Dogma, Morals, Canon Law, Exegesis, Apologetics, Homiletics, Church History, Philosophy and Hebrew. If these subjects appear soft, try passing a stiff examination in them.

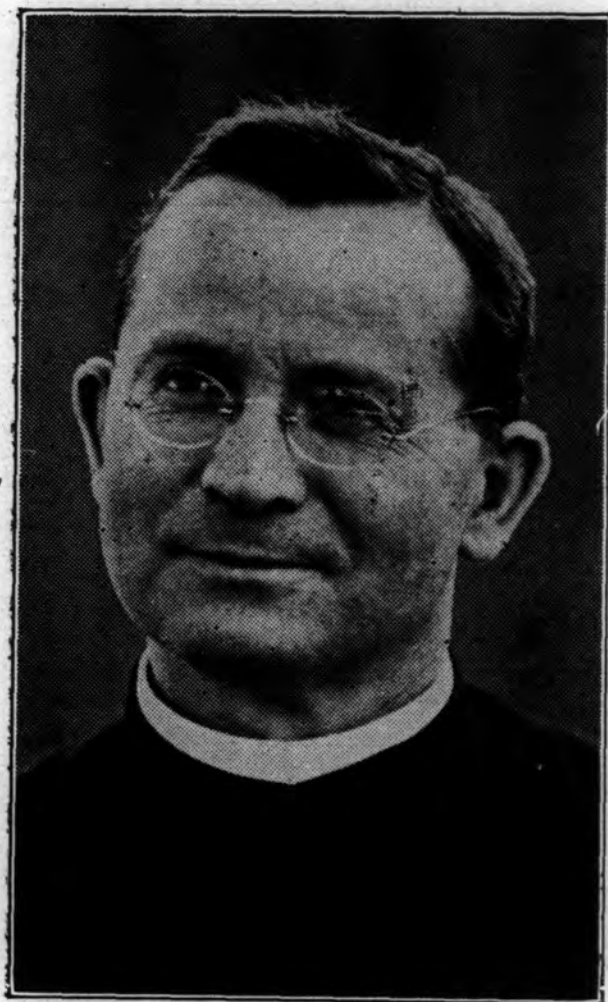
Ash Wednesday stole upon us this year rather quietly. The Christmas spirit had hardly faded when we presented ourselves before the altar and together with the placing of the ashes upon our forehead, heard the words of Holy Mother Church "Remember man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return."

Dust Thou Art

However, we welcomed Lent. After a year of imperfections we now have ample opportunity to make the "Check and Double Check" of our own life.

Silver Jubilee

Tuesday, February 2nd, was a day of rejoicing at St. Augustine's Seminary. Our Very Rev. Father Rector celebrated his Silver Jubilee in the priesthood. It was rendered memorable by the gracious presence of His Excellency, Most Rev. R. O. Gerow, D. D., Bishop of Natchez, Miss., who presided at the Solemn Silver Jubilee High Mass celebrated by our Jubilarian. Our small chapel was filled to capacity. About thirty priests from near and far and a number of friends attended the celebration. The Jubilee sermon was eloquently preached by Rev. James B. Albert, S. S. J., of Mobile, Alabama. In the course of his sermon he expatiated on the dignity of the priesthood in general and



VERY REV. G. J. HEFFELS, S. V. D.
Rector of St. Augustine's Seminary

on the work of the Society in particular. He made special mention of the work in educating young men of the colored race to the priesthood. At the end of the Jubilee Mass His Excellency, the Bishop, spoke a few congratulatory words. Afterwards the Jubilarian received the congratulations of the Reverend clergy and other friends. A dinner was then tendered the clerical guests. At the end of which Father Rector rose and gave a short address. In the course of which he expressed to the clergy his appreciation of their friendship and loyalty. In the evening the student body and the faculty of the Seminary gathered in the auditorium to tender their felicitations to their Jubilarian.



The basketball court was the favorite "hang out" during the last months. As the season is now coming to a close, we can report games that were executed "almost" flawlessly. The forwards were becoming so perfect that they shot baskets without touching the rim.—Believe it or not.—And talk about luminaries, one cannot start to enumerate them. Why we have them of all magnitudes. Every game disclosed a new star. Even some of the players saw more than one star. One remarked that he thought he was in the upper regions after a head-on collision. At any rate the "cage-game" proved a favorite pastime, and during the whole season interest was kept at it highest point.

Almost before we realized it the winter semester of the students came to a close. Of course they had to make their examinations. Every student dipped his pen in the ink of wisdom, and with a hopeful prayer went to work at his exams. Some of the examinations were quite difficult, for the boys remarked "Father, I didn't know you could ask such questions." After the fray of three days ended, they breathed a sigh of relief. All came through alive. The reports were distributed on the tenth of February and were sent home in order to obtain the signature of the respective parents or guardians.

Our Seminarians were also in the front line of battle. In the struggle they had to face Dogma, Morals, Canon Law, Exegesis, Apologetics, Homiletics, Church History, Philosophy and Hebrew. If these subjects appear soft, try passing a stiff examination in them.

Ash Wednesday stole upon us this year rather quietly. The Christmas spirit had hardly faded when we presented ourselves before the altar and together with the placing of the ashes upon our forehead, heard the words of Holy Mother Church "Remember man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." However, we welcomed Lent. After a year of imperfections we now have ample opportunity to make the "Check and Double Check" of our own life.

Silver Jubilee

Tuesday, February 2nd, was a day of rejoicing at St. Augustine's Seminary. Our Very Rev. Father Rector celebrated his Silver Jubilee in the priesthood. It was rendered memorable by the gracious presence of His Excellency, Most Rev. R. O. Gerow, D. D., Bishop of Natchez, Miss., who presided at the Solemn Silver Jubilee High Mass celebrated by our Jubilarian. Our small chapel was filled to capacity. About thirty priests from near and far and a number of friends attended the celebration. The Jubilee sermon was eloquently preached by Rev. James B. Albert, S. S. J., of Mobile, Alabama. In the course of his sermon he expatiated on the dignity of the priesthood in general and



VERY REV. G. J. HEFFELS, S. V. D.
Rector of St. Augustine's Seminary

on the work of the Society in particular. He made special mention of the work in educating young men of the colored race to the priesthood. At the end of the Jubilee Mass His Excellency, the Bishop, spoke a few congratulatory words. Afterwards the Jubilarian received the congratulations of the Reverend clergy and other friends. A dinner was then tendered the clerical guests. At the end of which Father Rector rose and gave a short address. In the course of which he expressed to the clergy his appreciation of their friendship and loyalty. In the evening the student body and the faculty of the Seminary gathered in the auditorium to tender their felicitations to their Jubilarian.

At the age of thirteen Father Rector entered our Mother House at Steyl, Holland. He was one among a class of 109. Out of this number the day of ordination, Quinquagesima Sunday, 1907, saw 40 young men ordained to the missionary priesthood. Today 30 of these 40 are still living and working in the vineyard of the Lord. After ordination Father Rector was sent to Togo, Africa. Here he labored until the world war, when he was taken prisoner by the English. When the war clouds had dispersed, he came to America and was first appointed Spiritual Director of the Brothers and then made Prefect of the students at Techny, Ill. In 1929 he was chosen as Rector of St. Augustine's Seminary. Here he is laboring for the education of the colored race to the priesthood.

The middle of February saw our community honored with the personal visit of our Very Reverend Father Provincial, Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D., superior of the American Province of our Society. While here he showed deep interest in everything he saw and heard. Needless to say we have a sincere and capable friend in Father Hagspiel. The only regret we have is that he made his stay so short.

February the twelfth we honored him whom all patriotic Americans regard as the savior of his country. We joined with our fellow-citizens in honoring the memory of our country's hero. Today we must have before us his ideal, the welfare of humanity. Today we can approach that ideal by following in Lincoln's path. What nobler words can be attributed to Lincoln than those found in his second inaugural address? "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

(Continued from page 42)

This coming June Ireland is preparing to celebrate two great events—the fifteenth centenary of the coming of St. Patrick into Ireland and the International Eucharistic Congress. Ireland's gratitude to her national apostle will be expressed in the great act of faith to Patrick's Divine Master, Christ, the Eucharistic King.

The event will be truly important and unique. In the two celebrations there will be found a harmonious combination of

all that is happiest in Irish life and history, of all that has given to the race a truly supernatural power—the Eucharist and St. Patrick! What do not these mean to the Irish people?

This June, therefore, she, the motherland, is sending forth a mother's loving call to her children scattered all over the globe and to the world at large, to join her in giving glory to Saint Patrick and thanksgiving, laud and honor to her sempiternal Eucharistic King.

Eleven Years Ago

Excerpts from the Chronicle of St. Augustine's Seminary

CHRISTMAS EVE—One of the students conceived the idea of waking up his companions just a little ahead of the appointed time so that he and they will wake up Father Christman by singing "Silent Night, Holy Night." After the boys awoke, they dressed quietly, without lights, then all of a sudden in the silence and darkness of the cold wintry night the dormitory's silence changed into the soul-touching Christmas hymn. Afterwards they went outside to the front of the Sister's Convent and again broke forth with the joyous music of the same age-old entrancing anthem. The Sisters had never experienced this before. . . . Midnight Mass for the congregation saw the church filled with men, women and children, many of whom were Protestants. After Mass twenty-four souls were received into the Church. . . . After many a happy hand shake, all retired until later in the morning. . . . For supper Father Christman invited a few visitors to spend the evening with the boys, so as to make them feel at home today.

Jan. 3rd, 1921—Arrival of one more student with several more expected. This one comes through the instigation of the Markoe brothers who are Jesuit Scholastics. Both are much interested in Sacred Heart College.

January—This first month of the New Year finds the new seminary more in shape. The building has been finally

touched up and all is in readiness for the beginning of the first year of study. Before this the students had been taking their subjects over at the high school, but now they receive the majority of them in the College. There is one lay teacher for those who have not yet finished their grammar school course.

Feb. 16th—First visit of Very Rev. Aloysius Heick S. V. D., the Southern Mission Superior to the Seminary. He is very enthused over everything and encourages the boys to persevere and study hard. This same evening the first Retreat begins. Father Heick is to preach it. The first meditation is to be at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Feb. 17th—During the Retreat our Right Reverend Bishop Gunn of Natchez pays the Seminary a visit. He addresses the retreatants for about fifteen minutes, during which he welcomed the aspirants into his diocese and promised to welcome them still further into his diocese at ordination.

Lent—In the first part of Lent the community was joined by Mr. Lawlor, a devout Catholic layman from Ireland, who had been working for the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament at Cornwells Heights, Pa. He would like to be a lay brother if Father Christman will begin a Brotherhood for colored men. Until that time Mr. Lawlor intends to work on the mission farm, take care of the stock and so forth.

(Continued from page 47)

to the difficult task of directing things for ten years, during the Civil War and its complicated aftermath. The boys and girls of Philadelphia received the advantages of a Sisters' school in 1863. Within the next four years, thanks to Father Miller, the community was able to open a free school and an orphanage in connection with the Motherhouse, as well as a school for girls and an orphanage in New Orleans. The Philadelphia undertaking had to be abandoned, however, after eight years, and also that in New Orleans soon afterwards, for lack of funds.

The Josephites were now to enter the list. Under their direction the congregation flourished materially and spiritually, its membership increasing to an appreciable degree. In 1880 the noteworthy St. Louis Mission was established. With the years it has developed into a flourishing boarding school and branched out to Normandy, Mo., where an orphanage was erected.

In 1882 Father A. Leeson assumed directorship, which he retained until his death in 1911. Many things happened during these thirty years. The community gladly accepted an invitation coming to them in 1888 to take charge of boy orphans at Leavenworth, Kan. Living conditions there were far from ideal at first, but the Sisters were determined to make the Guardian Angels' Home a real home, and with God's help they have succeeded.

The parochial school work away from the Motherhouse,

for which the Oblates have become so well known, was started in Washington, D. C. in 1892, spreading, since then, into Baltimore, Alexandria, Va., and Charleston, S. C. That the Sisters have proved themselves capable educators is evidenced by the quality and character of those graduating from their schools.

The Sisters began their first work in Cuba during the first year of the present century. In 1907 a second mission was started, to be followed by others until 1924, when the latest was founded at Camaguey. It was quite providential that the Oblates extended their activities to Cuba, since the island has become a rich source of splendid vocations for them.

In 1912 the direction of the community went to Bishop O. Corrigan, who did valiantly for the Oblates until 1922, when ill health forced him to relinquish a post he was loth to leave. Hereupon the directorship was delegated to the Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. Foley, who from that time until the present day has been directing the community with the zeal and energy of his worthy predecessors.

Latterly the Oblate Sisters have undertaken a rural school program in Ridge, Md. Beginnings, though poor, have been far from discouraging to those engaged in it. The Ridge Mission is only a continuation of the monumental work that Father Joubert and his four co-foundresses began in Baltimore more than a century ago.



Lift up thine eyes,—behold and see
 How rich the fields to harvest are!
 —The fertile fields, where bend and sway
 Like myraid spears—
 The shining ears,
 —A golden-gleaming sea of light
 Rippling to white
 As moves the wind, sighing alway
 A wistful tune, while from afar
 Echoes an answer, lingeringly. . . .

Lift up thine eyes again and mark
 That vast, that many-voiced throng
 Stirring to every breeze that calls,
 For soon, ah soon—
 The silent noon
 Of all that gladsome company
 Bereft shall be,
 And that which from the reaper falls
 Be gathered with the gleaners' song
 Ere sleep creeps in upon the dark. . . .

But lift thine heart to see and know
 Of lands that lie beyond this sun,
 Where, though the Spirit breathes indeed,
 As yet in vain—
 Ripens the Grain
 That God's earth, ever fruitful, yields
 His Harvest-fields,
 —Because perchance THOU would'st not heed,
 Nor ask of Him so much as one
 To garner where His Love did sow. . .

—Frances Alleyn.

Mother

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

There is one name in every language that never fails to touch a sympathetic and responsive cord in the human heart. It was the first word our infant lips learned to lisp; it became more dear to us as years passed and we came to a fuller appreciation of its meaning; and now, when we have grown to manhood and womanhood its very

sound awakens the noblest of natural feelings within our soul. Its mention brings back to our mind the fondest recollections, the pleasant memories of our past lives. Amid the bustle of a cold and heartless world it falls upon our ear recalling the time when we were without sin or sorrow, guilt or guile, leading us back to the lost paradise of our childhood innocence. That word is the sweet name of MOTHER.

Modern literature has exalted motherhood to the proudest position in social life, and has attributed to it all the beauty, grace, and dignity which it so richly deserves. Poets have placed their finest garlands at the feet of motherhood, and



philosophers in all ages have marvelled at the majesty and mystery of mothers' love. They have pointed out that in the family group the mother is the most inspiring figure. They have crowned her queen of the home, and have told us that her love and concern for her offspring extends from the cradle to the grave, and is as un-

dying as eternity.

Mothers' Day suggests to every Catholic heart a loving thought and grateful remembrance. It is likewise praiseworthy to give special attention to mothers on this occasion, yet every day should be Mothers' Day. All life and love, all service and sacrifice, all duty and accomplishment circle around the thought of mother. She is Life's first teacher; she is Life's last teacher; she is Life's truest friend. The finger prints of a mother's love are on every life; the mark of her love is on every action; the seal of her love is on every heart.

The good mother literally becomes a slave to Love. No sacrifice is too great for her to

make in the toil and moil of day and night. In the days of sunshine and shadow she is found fighting side by side with the good father, aiding, encouraging and sustaining his every action. She cooks and cleans, scrubs, patches, and nurses from dawn to bedtime. In the night she is up and down, getting water for thirsty lips, covering restless sleepers, and listening for croupy coughs. She is ever ready to cure by magic lips the injured hands; to watch the tired eyes, the feverish countenance; to smooth the restless pillow and act as a solicitous sentinel. She has time to listen to stories of childish fun, frolic and triumph. And like an artist she has limitless time to mold, shape, and direct God's greatest gift—a human soul.

It is a striking coincidence that Mothers' Day comes in the month of May, the season devoted by Catholic custom to the honor of our Blessed Mother in Heaven. She is the model of mothers, the paragon of feminine virtues, the mirror of true womanhood.

It is through motherhood that Mary's power and influence must be manifested to the world. The Virgin Mother of God, made Man, has emphasized the dignity and nobility of motherhood, and the beauty of chastity, as imperishable ideals of mankind. If there ever was a period in our country's existence when good and God-fearing mothers were needed, it is today. If ever it was necessary for the nation's motherhood to exert itself in the interest of virtue and relig-

ion, and to sow the seed of the saving influence of a Christian home, that time is the present. Mothers of high ideals, of noble sentiments, of deep religious convictions, mothers who imitate Mary, must show the way.

Throughout the ages the Church has held motherhood as one of the greatest privileges of woman. She has upheld the Virgin Mary as a model for all womankind; She has been the inspiration of countless mothers who have recognized Her as the ideal Mother. Her motherly fidelity has always been the beacon-light that has guided millions of mothers in their daily lives. The influence of Mary in the moral world of motherhood can be hardly overestimated. She is the combination of all that is great and good in womanhood, with no alloy of degradation. In Her is to be found moral strength and heroism, without the sacrifice of feminine grace and honor—a heroism of silent suffering rather than of noisy action or display. Today the mother can learn at Mary's altar the salutary lessons of valor, courage, and fortitude that she has taught throughout the ages.

Let us then on this day honor our mother by offering prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary that She may obtain for her the grace to imitate in so far as possible, the life of the Mother of God, be truly a Christian mother and preserve in every way the sanctity of her privilege of motherhood and of the home.

Mother

REV. NORBERT L. SHULER, S. V. D.

There is one name in every language that never fails to touch a sympathetic and responsive cord in the human heart. It was the first word our infant lips learned to lisp; it became more dear to us as years passed and we came to a fuller appreciation of its meaning; and now, when we have grown to manhood and womanhood its very

sound awakens the noblest of natural feelings within our soul. Its mention brings back to our mind the fondest recollections, the pleasant memories of our past lives. Amid the bustle of a cold and heartless world it falls upon our ear recalling the time when we were without sin or sorrow, guilt or guile, leading us back to the lost paradise of our childhood innocence. That word is the sweet name of MOTHER.

Modern literature has exalted motherhood to the proudest position in social life, and has attributed to it all the beauty, grace, and dignity which it so richly deserves. Poets have placed their finest garlands at the feet of motherhood, and



philosophers in all ages have marvelled at the majesty and mystery of mothers' love. They have pointed out that in the family group the mother is the most inspiring figure. They have crowned her queen of the home, and have told us that her love and concern for her offspring extends from the cradle to the grave, and is as un-

dying as eternity.

Mothers' Day suggests to every Catholic heart a loving thought and grateful remembrance. It is likewise praiseworthy to give special attention to mothers on this occasion, yet every day should be Mothers' Day. All life and love, all service and sacrifice, all duty and accomplishment circle around the thought of mother. She is Life's first teacher; she is Life's last teacher; she is Life's truest friend. The finger prints of a mother's love are on every life; the mark of her love is on every action; the seal of her love is on every heart.

The good mother literally becomes a slave to Love. No sacrifice is too great for her to

make in the toil and moil of day and night. In the days of sunshine and shadow she is found fighting side by side with the good father, aiding, encouraging and sustaining his every action. She cooks and cleans, scrubs, patches, and nurses from dawn to bedtime. In the night she is up and down, getting water for thirsty lips, covering restless sleepers, and listening for croupy coughs. She is ever ready to cure by magic lips the injured hands; to watch the tired eyes, the feverish countenance; to smooth the restless pillow and act as a solicitous sentinel. She has time to listen to stories of childish fun, frolic and triumph. And like an artist she has limitless time to mold, shape, and direct God's greatest gift—a human soul.

It is a striking coincidence that Mothers' Day comes in the month of May, the season devoted by Catholic custom to the honor of our Blessed Mother in Heaven. She is the model of mothers, the paragon of feminine virtues, the mirror of true womanhood.

It is through motherhood that Mary's power and influence must be manifested to the world. The Virgin Mother of God, made Man, has emphasized the dignity and nobility of motherhood, and the beauty of chastity, as imperishable ideals of mankind. If there ever was a period in our country's existence when good and God-fearing mothers were needed, it is today. If ever it was necessary for the nation's motherhood to exert itself in the interest of virtue and relig-

ion, and to sow the seed of the saving influence of a Christian home, that time is the present. Mothers of high ideals, of noble sentiments, of deep religious convictions, mothers who imitate Mary, must show the way.

Throughout the ages the Church has held motherhood as one of the greatest privileges of woman. She has upheld the Virgin Mary as a model for all womankind; She has been the inspiration of countless mothers who have recognized Her as the ideal Mother. Her motherly fidelity has always been the beacon-light that has guided millions of mothers in their daily lives. The influence of Mary in the moral world of motherhood can be hardly overestimated. She is the combination of all that is great and good in womanhood, with no alloy of degradation. In Her is to be found moral strength and heroism, without the sacrifice of feminine grace and honor—a heroism of silent suffering rather than of noisy action or display. Today the mother can learn at Mary's altar the salutary lessons of valor, courage, and fortitude that she has taught throughout the ages.

Let us then on this day honor our mother by offering prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary that She may obtain for her the grace to imitate in so far as possible, the life of the Mother of God, be truly a Christian mother and preserve in every way the sanctity of her privilege of motherhood and of the home.

THE BEST DOCTOR

BY FRATER
HOWARD
SVD

Bertrand Colby knelt before the Altar of the Blessed Mother in St. Mary's Church. Bert, as he was called, was the only son of Dr. Colby, a successful Negro practitioner who was generally considered "the best doctor in town." Dr. Colby was a Catholic, but had, after the death of his faithful wife four years previously altogether neglected his religion for his profession. His son, on the other hand, was a fervent Catholic, regular in attendance at Mass, a weekly communicant, and a diligent pupil of the parish High School. He was, besides, a child of Mary, and that he intended to remain till death.

Bert had one ambition—to follow in his father's profession. But, more than that, he wanted to add to medical skill a good measure of genuine Catholicity. He realized how much more good his father could do, were he a practical Catholic. When accompanying Dr. Colby on his rounds, Bert had seen much of human misery, and his heart went out to these his people, who were suffering both in body and soul. These were the thoughts which now caused that round, brown face to look up so beseechingly to the Madonna.

"And oh, Mother Mary," Bert prayed pleadingly, "please tell the little Jesus it is for these reasons I want to become a doctor, and a good one; so that I can help my people an awful lot." His prayer ended, Bert made a genuflection and left the Church.

That afternoon Bert and his classmate, Victor Moore, sat in the library of the Colby home enthusiastically discussing various medical colleges. Dr. Colby was outside bidding good-bye to two of his professional col-



leagues, who had come to hold a consultation. Suddenly the two boys were interrupted by the sound of excited voices and heavy footsteps in the hallway. Hurrying there they met Dr. Colby and the two physicians carrying an old, gray-haired colored man, who was bruised and bleeding.

"Serious automobile accident," explained Dr. Colby as they laid the victim on a bed. The Doctor hastily unbuttoned the man's bloody shirt, and as he did so Bert caught sight of a small medal hanging on a string about the man's neck.

"A Scapular Medal!" Bert whispered to Victor. "Let's get Father Milton." And off they went, running to the rectory. Only once did they take time to speak.

"It's lucky your father was home," panted Victor.

"Makes no difference," replied Bert; "that man's life is in danger, and there are two other good 'M. D's.' there. All I say is, may the BEST doctor win!"

When the two boys returned with the kindly old pastor of St. Mary's, Dr. Colby was in his office with a policeman. One of the other doctors, who was standing in the hall, greeted the priest; "Ah, Father, come in. You

are about the only one needed here now." Bert and Victor waited outside.

Half an hour later they were walking back to the rectory with Father Milton. The victim of the accident was dead; but before he breathed his last, he had made a general confession and received the Last Sacraments of the Church. It was the old story of the "Prodigal Son", straying for twenty years, and now come home to die. At the rectory the boys took leave of Father Milton, and started back.

"Well, looks like the 'best doctor' won after all," Victor mused.

"What do you mean?" Bert inquired, surprised.

"I mean Father Milton," Victor answered. "He's a doctor, too, you know—a doctor of souls." Bert shook his head, thoughtfully, but did not answer.

That night for many hours Bert lay awake thinking. Finally, he stole softly out of bed, and knelt before a statue of the Blessed Mother which was in his room. "Dear Mother," he whispered resolutely, "I want to be a priest; so I can heal SOULS instead of just bodies!"

Next morning Bert was at Mass. This was the beginning. Every morning thereafter he was at Mass, and received Holy Communion; but of his vocation he told nobody. A month passed, and one morning after Mass Bert slipped into the sacristy, and with a thumping heart imparted his "secret" to Father Milton. The good priest smiled and said: "Come to the rectory this evening, Bert, and we'll talk things over."

That evening they did "talk things over", and Bert was overjoyed with the results. It was decided he should tell his father of his intention that very night.

Next morning after Mass, Bert came into the sacristy with a heavy heart. Dr. Colby not only would not hear of his son's studying for the priesthood, but even forbade Bert to mention the matter to him again.

"Don't worry, Bert," Father Milton said, consolingly; "I was thinking anyway you'd better finish your course here, first, before leaving for the Seminary. Next June you graduate, and then we'll see what can be done. Meanwhile, prepare yourself well; and pray unceasingly to Jesus and Mary—they won't forsake you."

Long after Father Milton had left the Church, Bert knelt at Mary's feet.

"O Blessed Mother of God, your Son is a Doctor—He said so Himself in the Gospel—and my father is a doctor; each wants me to follow and become like him. You know my great desire; but I leave everything in your hands. And," Bert could not help adding, "may the 'Best Doctor' win!"

* * *

It was a nasty, rainy April night. Dr. Colby, with his son, was hastening in his car to a serious case some miles outside the city. Bert sat silently thinking of his coming graduation. He had been faithful to daily Mass and Communion; had done his best to convert his father by prayer and good example, but in vain. And now June was near. How he wished his father would mention graduation and give him a chance to drop a hint about vocation. The doctor however, was in no mood for talking. He had all he could do to keep his car on the road. The rain was falling in sheets,

(Continued on Page 80)



Sisters of the Holy Family

By a Member

It is a remarkable fact that two communities of religious women of color were founded in the United States in antebellum days. It is also interesting to note that the pioneers of each were aliens or the descendants of aliens.

Harriet Delisle, whose parents had migrated from San Domingo, had cherished from her youth the desire of consecrating herself to God and to the service of the aged poor. This desire was shared by her friend, Juliet Gaudin, a Cuban by birth, who had come to New Orleans when only a child. Aided by Miss Marie Aliquot, a French lady, who succeeded in interesting Pere Rousselon, then vicar general of New Orleans, in their cause, they established a home for the indigent aged on St. Bernard avenue.

November 21, 1842, was the birthday of the Congregation which was destined in its quiet way to do much for the glory of God and for the uplift of the race here in the southland.

A few months later they took up their abode on Bayou Road, a short distance from St. Augustine's Church of which Pere Rousselon was pastor. Here Miss Josephine Charles joined them.

Not content with caring for old people, the little band of three undertook the teaching of catechism to the slaves, as well as to the children of free colored people. Later, as new subjects entered, sewing classes were formed and still later, regular classes for pupils of the primary grades were begun.

Pere Rousselon was a father to the infant Congregation. It was he who obtained the permission of Archbishop Blanc for the foundation. It was at his request too, that the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in St. James Parish instructed Miss Delisle in the principles of the religious life, thus laying a firm foundation for the work which he had so much at heart.

In 1866 he succumbed to injuries received from a fall while landing at New York, and Pere Gilbert Raymond who succeeded him as vicar-general assumed the direction of the Sisters.

Under Pere Raymond's guidance the Congregation received a new impetus. In 1867 a branch house was opened on Chartres Street in New Orleans. In the same year the Sisters took charge of the New Orleans asylum for girls. From this latter has come the orphanage of St. John Berchmans. Eight years later the mission in Opelousas, La., was founded.

Upon Pere Raymond's resignation of his office and his departure from the city the Congregation came under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. Fathers Dufour, DeCarriere, Gerlach, Barbely, and Widman directed it in turn. To these Fathers the Congregation owes its complete Rules for it was due to the combined efforts of Fathers DeCarriere and Gerlach that the simple rule of life drawn up by Pere Rousselon was expanded to cover every duty of the day as well as each phase of the work of the Sister of the Holy Family.

In 1881 the Community removed its Motherhouse to Orleans Street and St. Mary's Academy was then opened.

During the years 1885-1900 the Congregation made rapid strides, despite the fact that in March, 1889, the fire which destroyed the Taranta Theatre adjoining the convent almost laid in ruins the historic old building, the domicile of the Sisters. A blessing in disguise, it paved the way to greater expansion for in 1891 on the site of the theatre rose a new structure — St. John Berchman's Orphan Asylum.

No sketch of the Congregation would be complete, however, without mention of Mother Austin, who as Superior from 1891 - 1909, skilfully guided it through these years. Encouraged and aided by Archbishop Janssen who took especial interest in the Congregation, she opened schools in Baton Rouge, Lafayette, Galveston, Mandeville, Madisonville, and even in far-away British Honduras.

An orphan asylum for boys opened in 1893, and an annex to the Old Folks' Home for the accommodation of old men are

numbered among the foundations of this zealous religious. A mother to the orphan, a daughter to the aged, a consoler to the sick and afflicted, she won the esteem and respect of young and old, white and colored.

Today the Congregation numbers 156 professed Sisters, 12 novices, and three postulants. It conducts schools in Galveston, San Antonio, Houston, Ames, Texas; New Orleans. Opelousas, Lafayette,

Baton Rouge, Donaldsonville, Mandeville, Breauville, Madisonville, Louisiana; Apalachicola, Florida; and Stann Creek, British Honduras.

Among these there are five high schools, four of which are state accredited.

In addition to this the Old Folks' Home on Tonti Street, the Boys' Asylum on Gentilly

Road, and the St. John Berchman's Orphanage for girls are recipients of the Sisters' care and devotion.

Further, they supply a large proportion of the Louisiana parishes with Altar Bread; while in the cassock and church linen departments, they are al-



MOTHER AUSTIN
Superior from 1891-1909

Continued on Page 80

Sisters of the Holy Family

By a Member

It is a remarkable fact that two communities of religious women of color were founded in the United States in antebellum days. It is also interesting to note that the pioneers of each were aliens or the descendants of aliens.

Harriet Delisle, whose parents had migrated from San Domingo, had cherished from her youth the desire of consecrating herself to God and to the service of the aged poor. This desire was shared by her friend, Juliet Gaudin, a Cuban by birth, who had come to New Orleans when only a child. Aided by Miss Marie Aliquot, a French lady, who succeeded in interesting Pere Rousselon, then vicar general of New Orleans, in their cause, they established a home for the indigent aged on St. Bernard avenue.

November 21, 1842, was the birthday of the Congregation which was destined in its quiet way to do much for the glory of God and for the uplift of the race here in the southland.

A few months later they took up their abode on Bayou Road, a short distance from St. Augustine's Church of which Pere Rousselon was pastor. Here Miss Josephine Charles joined them.

Not content with caring for old people, the little band of three undertook the teaching of catechism to the slaves, as well as to the children of free colored people. Later, as new subjects entered, sewing classes were formed and still later, regular classes for pupils of the primary grades were begun.

Pere Rousselon was a father to the infant Congregation. It was he who obtained the permission of Archbishop Blanc for the foundation. It was at his request too, that the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in St. James Parish instructed Miss Delisle in the principles of the religious life, thus laying a firm foundation for the work which he had so much at heart.

In 1866 he succumbed to injuries received from a fall while landing at New York, and Pere Gilbert Raymond who succeeded him as vicar-general assumed the direction of the Sisters.

Under Pere Raymond's guidance the Congregation received a new impetus. In 1867 a branch house was opened on Chartres Street in New Orleans. In the same year the Sisters took charge of the New Orleans asylum for girls. From this latter has come the orphanage of St. John Berchmans. Eight years later the mission in Opelousas, La., was founded.

Upon Pere Raymond's resignation of his office and his departure from the city the Congregation came under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. Fathers Dufour, DeCarriere, Gerlach, Barbely, and Widman directed it in turn. To these Fathers the Congregation owes its complete Rules for it was due to the combined efforts of Fathers DeCarriere and Gerlach that the simple rule of life drawn up by Pere Rousselon was expanded to cover every duty of the day as well as each phase of the work of the Sister of the Holy Family.

In 1881 the Community removed its Motherhouse to Orleans Street and St. Mary's Academy was then opened.

During the years 1885-1900 the Congregation made rapid strides, despite the fact that in March, 1889, the fire which destroyed the Taranta Theatre adjoining the convent almost laid in ruins the historic old building, the domicile of the Sisters. A blessing in disguise, it paved the way to greater expansion for in 1891 on the site of the theatre rose a new structure — St. John Berchman's Orphan Asylum.

No sketch of the Congregation would be complete, however, without mention of Mother Austin, who as Superior from 1891 - 1909, skilfully guided it through these years. Encouraged and aided by Archbishop Janssen who took especial interest in the Congregation, she opened schools in Baton Rouge, Lafayette, Galveston, Mandeville, Madisonville, and even in far-away British Honduras.

An orphan asylum for boys opened in 1893, and an annex to the Old Folks' Home for the accommodation of old men are

numbered among the foundations of this zealous religious. A mother to the orphan, a daughter to the aged, a consoler to the sick and afflicted, she won the esteem and respect of young and old, white and colored.

Today the Congregation numbers 156 professed Sisters, 12 novices, and three postulants. It conducts schools in Galveston, San Antonio, Houston, Ames, Texas; New Orleans, Opelousas, Lafayette,

Baton Rouge, Donaldsonville, Mandeville, Breauville, Madisonville, Louisiana; Apalachicola, Florida; and Stann Creek, British Honduras.

Among these there are five high schools, four of which are state accredited.

In addition to this the Old Folks' Home on Tonti Street, the Boys' Asylum on Gentilly

Road, and the St. John Berchman's Orphanage for girls are recipients of the Sisters' care and devotion.

Further, they supply a large proportion of the Louisiana parishes with Altar Bread; while in the cassock and church linen departments, they are al-



MOTHER AUSTIN
Superior from 1891-1909

Continued on Page 80

Mission News

FATHER JANSEN SUPERIOR FOR INDIA

The Reverend Peter T. Jansen, S. V. D., now stationed at St. Richard's Mission House in England, has recently been appointed the first superior of our new India mission lying north-east of Bombay. Father Jansen was at one time Provincial of the American Province of the Society of the Divine Word and was one of the leaders in the founding of our colored Seminary at St. Augustine's. Prior to being appointed for St. Richard's, Father Jansen was stationed in China to which field of activity he had gone immediately after leaving the United States. A start is expected to be made in India this summer. Several other S. V. D. Fathers have also been appointed for the same mission.

THE WORK HERE IS NOT IN VAIN

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Ramsey, a Catholic boy of my school, was always the black sheep. He behaved so stubbornly and was so unruly that he was several times very close to being dismissed. Studying and attending school regularly were unknown to him. At home he had no one to admonish him and guide him. The result was that he could not pass last year. "Gee, after all, it is hard to sit together with smaller boys."

Since last January he surprised me. He who formerly was negligent in coming to Mass even on Sundays, began to come regularly on week days and received Holy Communion frequently, notwithstanding the fact that he had to walk a

mile from his home in cold and sometimes really nasty weather. I also noticed that he took more interest in his studies, and was getting more cheerful and better behaved all around.

"What's the matter with Ramsey," I asked his teacher. "O", said she smiling, "Ramsey is afraid he might fail again in class this year, and he heard from you in Catechism that through attending Holy Mass we surely can attain from God whatever is really useful to us." Thus, poor Ramsey made up his mind to get up in time and walk his mile to Holy Mass every morning.

No, my work here is not in vain.

A DAY OF GREAT HAPPINESS

North Little Rock, Ark.

Holy Saturday, the 26th of March was the happiest day in my priestly life!

When I look back at the great disappointments during my first few months here, namely from August to December of last year, I would never have dreamed that such great happiness was so soon to be mine. Just when I had given up all hope of even a single soul becoming Catholic this year, one of my school children came to me accompanied by her mother. I was told that the little one had asked again and again to be baptized and now the mother had finally assented.

This was shortly after Christmas vacation. I do not know how the news spread so rapidly, but within a week's time the number to be instructed had increased to 16 children. My

mind was made up. I would baptize them on Holy Saturday after Mass. I had less than three months before that day, so I had to work hard in order to give them the necessary instructions. Four times a week I had them in my house after school.

As the happy day approached, I sent out the customary letters to parents to obtain their promise and signature that the children would be permitted to practice their religion. Five did not respond, with the result that I had only nine left.

Holy Saturday arrived, the great day of Baptism. Never before had I had the happiness of pouring the saving waters on so many at one occasion. The one thought that made me so happy was that now I had before me nine pure and holy souls. Eight of these little ones received our dear Lord for the first time on the Sunday after Easter. Who could have thought that such happy days

were so near at hand for this little parish situated as it is in the very heart of Protestantism? God is surely with us!

Whenever there is a warm and sunny Sunday my little church is almost too small, for then many of the non-catholics flock hither. I do not know exactly what it is that attracts them—whether it is the prayers of the little ones, or the prayers of the kind friends of St. Augustine's Church, or the attraction of the newly beautified church. When I first took over this parish, I tried everything. I talked to them in school and in church, but all to no avail. But things began to change as soon as I was able to make out of our miserable church, a pleasing House of God, a real house of prayer.

All I am praying for now is that this infant parish, located in the midst of Protestantism, may grow into a true Catholic stronghold.

A. S.



St. Augustine's School and Children—North Little Rock, Ark.

Mission News

FATHER JANSEER SUPERIOR FOR INDIA

The Reverend Peter T. Janser, S. V. D., now stationed at St. Richard's Mission House in England, has recently been appointed the first superior of our new India mission lying north-east of Bombay. Father Janser was at one time Provincial of the American Province of the Society of the Divine Word and was one of the leaders in the founding of our colored Seminary at St. Augustine's. Prior to being appointed for St. Richard's, Father Janser was stationed in China to which field of activity he had gone immediately after leaving the United States. A start is expected to be made in India this summer. Several other S. V. D. Fathers have also been appointed for the same mission.

THE WORK HERE IS NOT IN VAIN

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Ramsey, a Catholic boy of my school, was always the black sheep. He behaved so stubbornly and was so unruly that he was several times very close to being dismissed. Studying and attending school regularly were unknown to him. At home he had no one to admonish him and guide him. The result was that he could not pass last year. "Gee, after all, it is hard to sit together with smaller boys."

Since last January he surprised me. He who formerly was negligent in coming to Mass even on Sundays, began to come regularly on week days and received Holy Communion frequently, notwithstanding the fact that he had to walk a

mile from his home in cold and sometimes really nasty weather. I also noticed that he took more interest in his studies, and was getting more cheerful and better behaved all around.

"What's the matter with Ramsey," I asked his teacher. "O", said she smiling, "Ramsey is afraid he might fail again in class this year, and he heard from you in Catechism that through attending Holy Mass we surely can attain from God whatever is really useful to us." Thus, poor Ramsey made up his mind to get up in time and walk his mile to Holy Mass every morning.

No, my work here is not in vain.

A DAY OF GREAT HAPPINESS

North Little Rock, Ark.

Holy Saturday, the 26th of March was the happiest day in my priestly life!

When I look back at the great disappointments during my first few months here, namely from August to December of last year, I would never have dreamed that such great happiness was so soon to be mine. Just when I had given up all hope of even a single soul becoming Catholic this year, one of my school children came to me accompanied by her mother. I was told that the little one had asked again and again to be baptized and now the mother had finally assented.

This was shortly after Christmas vacation. I do not know how the news spread so rapidly, but within a week's time the number to be instructed had increased to 16 children. My

mind was made up. I would baptize them on Holy Saturday after Mass. I had less than three months before that day, so I had to work hard in order to give them the necessary instructions. Four times a week I had them in my house after school.

As the happy day approached, I sent out the customary letters to parents to obtain their promise and signature that the children would be permitted to practice their religion. Five did not respond, with the result that I had only nine left.

Holy Saturday arrived, the great day of Baptism. Never before had I had the happiness of pouring the saving waters on so many at one occasion. The one thought that made me so happy was that now I had before me nine pure and holy souls. Eight of these little ones received our dear Lord for the first time on the Sunday after Easter. Who could have thought that such happy days

were so near at hand for this little parish situated as it is in the very heart of Protestantism? God is surely with us!

Whenever there is a warm and sunny Sunday my little church is almost too small, for then many of the non-catholics flock hither. I do not know exactly what it is that attracts them—whether it is the prayers of the little ones, or the prayers of the kind friends of St. Augustine's Church, or the attraction of the newly beautified church. When I first took over this parish, I tried everything. I talked to them in school and in church, but all to no avail. But things began to change as soon as I was able to make out of our miserable church, a pleasing House of God, a real house of prayer.

All I am praying for now is that this infant parish, located in the midst of Protestantism, may grow into a true Catholic stronghold.

A. S.



St. Augustine's School and Children—North Little Rock, Ark.

Graduates



THIS IS FOR

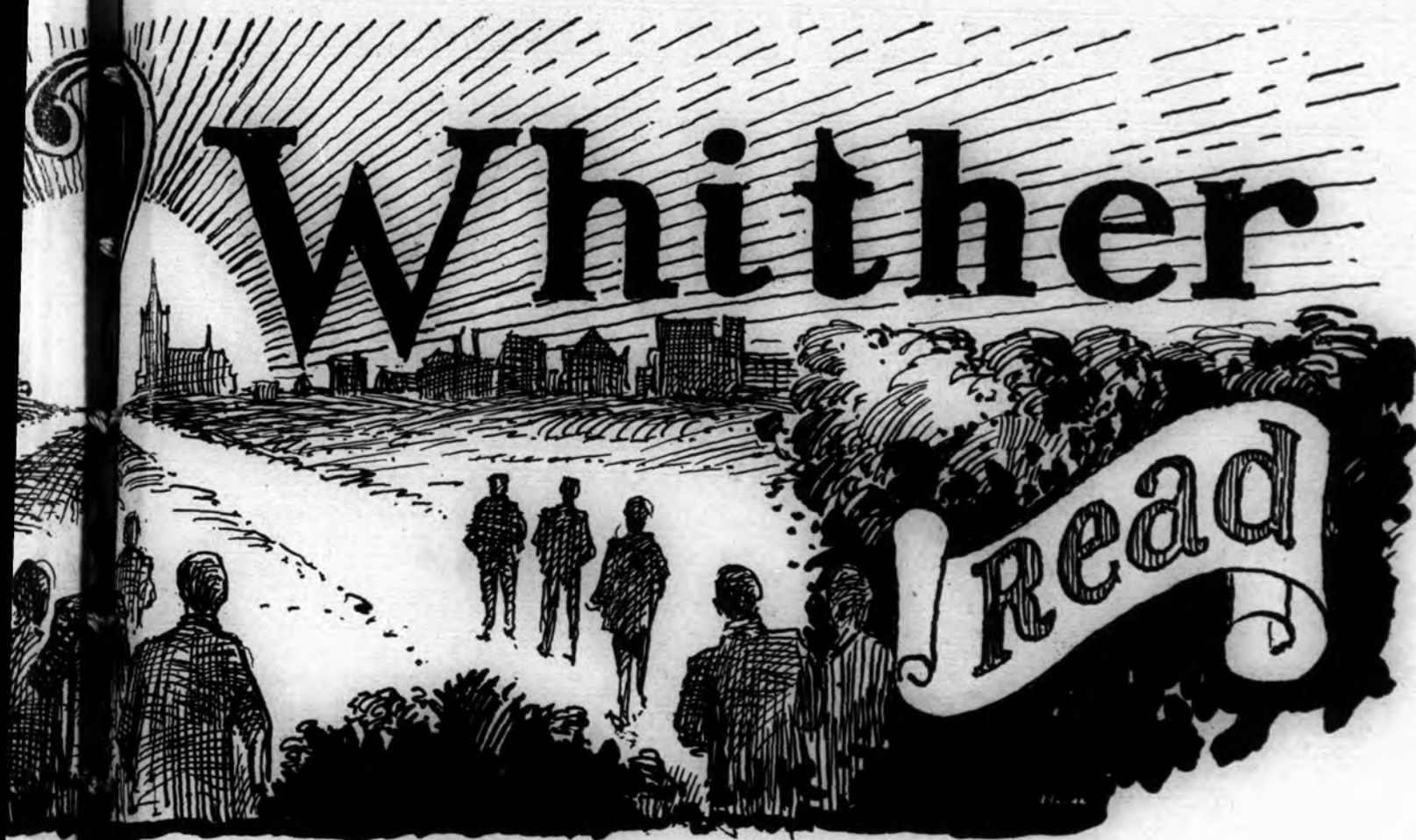
Have you ever heard the **DIVINE CALL**—the call to be of your unfortunate brethren crying out in the wilderness for the peace that surpasses all understanding?

On Ascension Day 1900 years ago Christ pronounced the "Go ye all nations", and behold today the 12,000,000 of your cause there never were, at present, enough priests to see now how urgent **NEEDS YOU?**



Here, Graduate, is the call for a lifetime. "Why stand ye idle?" once asked our Lord. He addresses the same **YOU**. "Go ye also into the world."

To be a priest is grander than a missionary, who walks in the footsteps of Christ, and should have the chivalrous heart of any



FOR YOU!

can be one of God's priests—to carry to those 12,000,000
wilderness for the Faith that leads from chaos and despair to

hounded that magnetic command: "Going therefore teach
0 of your race outside the fold. And why, Graduates? Be-
very rare, nor are there
ough priests. Do you
w urgently **CHRIST**
?

uate, is the chance of
hy stand ye all the day
asked our Divine Lord.
the same words to
also into my vineyard."

st is grand, but to be a
ho walks in the very
Christ, is certainly
should appeal to the
rt of any youth.

America Needs You!

The Recruit Station, St. Augustine's
Seminary, is now sounding the
trumpet. Will you join the *Army of
Christ?*

*See Inside Back Cover, and Write for
Further Information to*

Rev. John Gasper, S.V.D.
ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

Graduates



THIS IS FOR

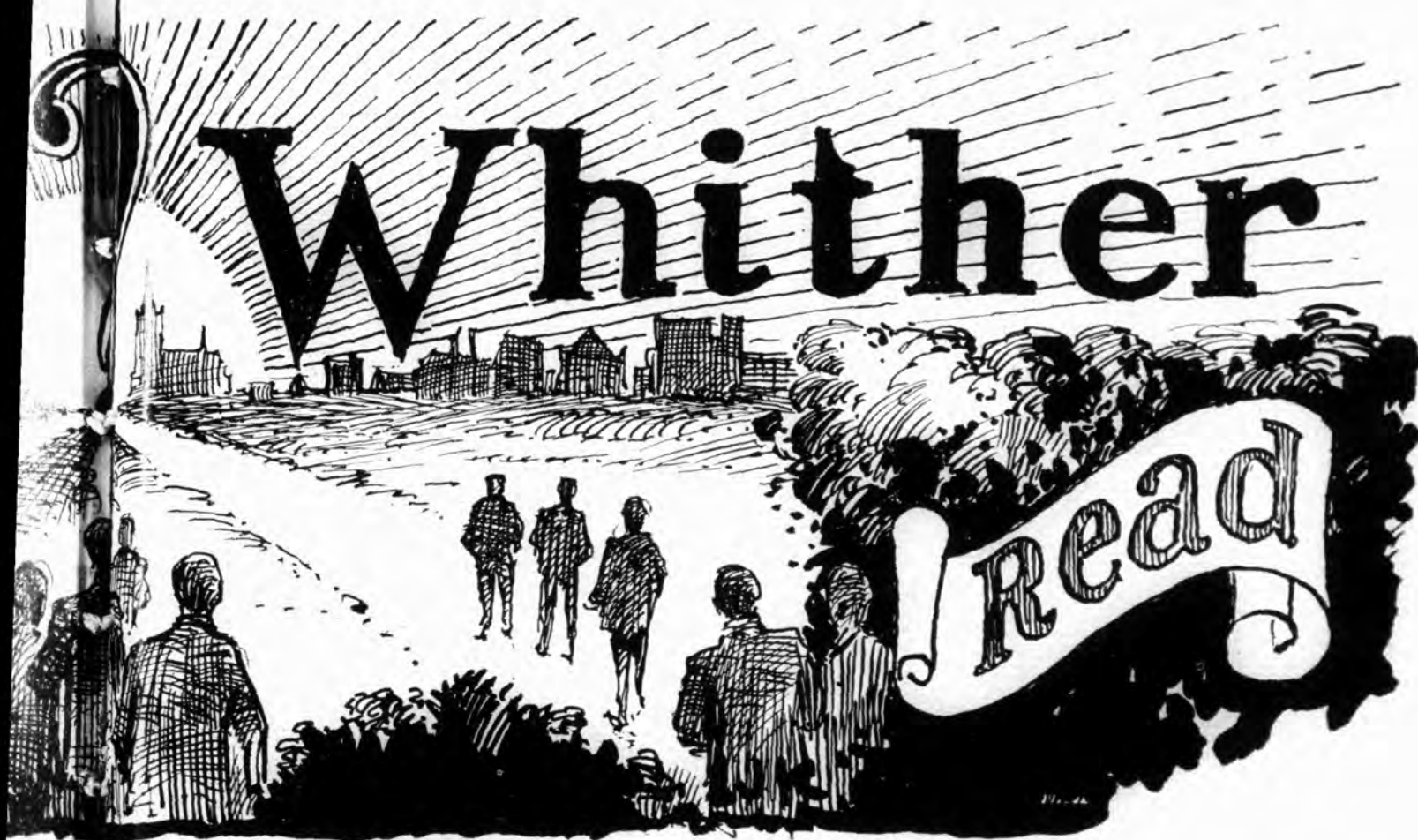
Have you ever heard the **DIVINE CALL**—the call to be of your unfortunate brethren crying out in the wilderness for the peace that surpasses all understanding?

On Ascension Day 1900 years ago Christ pronounced the "Go ye all nations", and behold today the 12,000,000 of your cause there never were, and at present, enough priests see now how urgent **NEEDS YOU?**



Here, Graduate, is the call for a lifetime. "Why stand ye idle?" once asked our Lord. He addresses the same **YOU**. "Go ye also into the world."

To be a priest is to be a missionary, who walks in the footsteps of Christ, a greater, and should have the chivalrous heart of any



Whither

FOR YOU!

call to be one of God's priests—to carry to those 12,000,000
 blindness for the Faith that leads from chaos and despair to

hounded that magnetic command: "Going therefore teach
 0 of our race outside the fold. And why, Graduates? Be-
 ver were, nor are there
 ough priests. Do you
 y urgently **CHRIST**

uate, is the chance of
 hy stand ye all the day
 sked our Divine Lord.
 the same words to
 also into my vineyard."

st is grand, but to be a
 ho walks in the very
 Christ, is certainly
 should appeal to the
 rt of any youth.

America Needs You!

The Recruit Station, St. Augustine's
 Seminary, is now sounding the
 trumpet. Will you join the *Army of*
Christ?

*See Inside Back Cover, and Write for
 Further Information to*

Rev. John Gasper, S.V.D.
ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY
Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



INTENTION: May 1—9 For Our Mother

Dear Friend:—

This Mother's Day suggests to every Catholic heart a loving thought, a grateful remembrance. When you think of all that your loving mother has done for you, and which you can never adequately repay, can you do otherwise than give her your affection, and love? Would you want her to think that your love for her is diminishing? Of course you would not.

On this beautiful Mothers' Day, offer your full measure of gratitude to Mother. Whether many miles separate you from her, or whether she no longer dwells on earth, repay the unselfish devotion of a true mother's heart.

Have your mother remembered in the Novena and in the Nine Masses which will be said from May 1—9, and also in the High Mass on Mothers' Day!

(Rev.) Norbert L. Shuler, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Only Three

In your first hurried glance through this issue of our magazine, you have seen its main purpose, namely, to bring before our colored boys and young men the thought of their vocation. It is hoped that the magazine will not be cast aside by the majority on that account. Just the opposite! It is the elders—the priests, the teachers, the parents—who can do most for the young graduates in fostering a priestly vocation and in aiding them to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master.

Do you realize that there are more than ELEVEN MILLION Negroes in the United States today and less than a QUARTER MILLION of these belong to the one, true Faith? What seems to be the reason for this small percentage? Are the Negroes not willing to embrace the Faith? This can scarcely be true, for wherever the Gospel of Christ has been preached to them, they have been most desirous of receiving Baptism. Ask any of the missionaries working amongst them, or look up the statistical records of the Negro Catholic parishes in the United States, and you will find that the number of converts far

exceeds that of any other equal group of parishes. In the year 1931 there were nearly 4000 converts in 200 Negro parishes, making an average of 20 to each parish.

Surely the reason for this small number of colored Catholics does not lie with their lack of receptiveness. But one of the reasons seems to be that there are not enough NEGRO PRIESTS in the United States. Of the 230 and more priests who are doing such excellent work for the Negro, ONLY THREE are colored. Why is this? God does not restrict His special grace of a call to the priesthood to one or the other race. "The Spirit of God breatheth where He will." And what are we to conclude from this? That there is many a latent vocation in the hearts of our Negro youth.

Now what is to be done? BOYS AND YOUNG MEN, graduates, it is up to each one of you to consider seriously and ask yourself the question: Does God want me to be a priest? Has He called ME to help in the conversion of these millions of my race here in America?

PARENTS, do not destroy that tender seed of a vocation in your son. Rather nourish it that it may blossom and bring forth fruit in the salvation of souls for God. Mothers especially, remember that your heavenly Mother is the Patroness of Vocations.

READERS all, you too can do your bit in helping these young men follow the call of God. You can use the most powerful means of all grace, PRAYER. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Vocations, each day of May that She may aid these young souls in this most important decision—their vocation.

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena



*O Mary pray
for our Chris-
tian people.*

*Mother of
Perpetual
Help, pray for
us!*



*O, Mary
show thy
motherly, lov-
ing heart to
every one of
the human
race.*



INTENTION: May 1—9 For Our Mother

Dear Friend:—

This Mother's Day suggests to every Catholic heart a loving thought, a grateful remembrance. When you think of all that your loving mother has done for you, and which you can never adequately repay, can you do otherwise than give her your affection, and love? Would you want her to think that your love for her is diminishing? Of course you would not.

On this beautiful Mothers' Day, offer your full measure of gratitude to Mother. Whether many miles separate you from her, or whether she no longer dwells on earth, repay the unselfish devotion of a true mother's heart.

Have your mother remembered in the Novena and in the Nine Masses which will be said from May 1—9, and also in the High Mass on Mothers' Day!

(Rev.) Norbert L. Shuler, S. V. D.

St. Augustine's Messenger

Published quarterly by the Society of the Divine Word at St. Augustine's Seminary, an institution for the education of colored boys for the Priesthood.

Subscription price, 50c per year.

Editor, Rev. Cletus Hodapp, S. V. D.

Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Only Three

In your first hurried glance through this issue of our magazine, you have seen its main purpose, namely, to bring before our colored boys and young men the thought of their vocation. It is hoped that the magazine will not be cast aside by the majority on that account. Just the opposite! It is the elders—the priests, the teachers, the parents—who can do most for the young graduates in fostering a priestly vocation and in aiding them to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master.

Do you realize that there are more than ELEVEN MILLION Negroes in the United States today and less than a QUARTER MILLION of these belong to the one, true Faith? What seems to be the reason for this small percentage? Are the Negroes not willing to embrace the Faith? This can scarcely be true, for wherever the Gospel of Christ has been preached to them, they have been most desirous of receiving Baptism. Ask any of the missionaries working amongst them, or look up the statistical records of the Negro Catholic parishes in the United States, and you will find that the number of converts far

exceeds that of any other equal group of parishes. In the year 1931 there were nearly 4000 converts in 200 Negro parishes, making an average of 20 to each parish.

Surely the reason for this small number of colored Catholics does not lie with their lack of receptiveness. But one of the reasons seems to be that there are not enough NEGRO PRIESTS in the United States. Of the 230 and more priests who are doing such excellent work for the Negro, ONLY THREE are colored. Why is this? God does not restrict His special grace of a call to the priesthood to one or the other race. "The Spirit of God breatheth where He will." And what are we to conclude from this? That there is many a latent vocation in the hearts of our Negro youth.

Now what is to be done? BOYS AND YOUNG MEN, graduates, it is up to each one of you to consider seriously and ask yourself the question: Does God want me to be a priest? Has He called ME to help in the conversion of these millions of my race here in America?

PARENTS, do not destroy that tender seed of a vocation in your son. Rather nourish it that it may blossom and bring forth fruit in the salvation of souls for God. Mothers especially, remember that your heavenly Mother is the Patroness of Vocations.

READERS all, you too can do your bit in helping these young men follow the call of God. You can use the most powerful means of all grace, PRAYER. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Vocations, each day of May that She may aid these young souls in this most important decision—their vocation.



Africa may be reckoned backward in many things which constitute so-called culture and civilization, but these reports for Belgian Congo and Madagascar show that at least the Church in this district, which teaches the people to be spiritually happy, is flourishing and is in a healthy condition.

Catholics numbering 816,377 with 603,968 catechumens are the imposing figures representing the Church's status in the Belgian Congo. The following spiritual returns for last year illustrate the progressive state of the Church in this territory; 59,513 Baptisms of adults; 42,730 Baptisms of infants; 41,431 Baptisms at the point of death; 17,026 marriages; 11,372,347 Communions.

The foreign mission personnel counts 671 priests, 687 sisters and 341 brothers. Besides these there are 26 native priests, 44 native sisters and 14 native brothers. There are also 14,429 catechists and 4,729 native teachers.

Special attention has been given to educational work in the Congo missions, particularly to normal schools. There are 4,169 elementary schools with 260,103 pupils attending; 215 normal and professional schools with 29,387 students.

There are 11 minor seminaries with 673 students and four regional major seminaries with 95 seminarians. Last year 35 new missionaries came to the Congo.

Madagascar is the missionary country manifesting the most rapid growth of Catholicism, according to Father Lhande, S. J., after a visit to the great island in the Indian Ocean. He declared that "the spectacle I have had before my eyes surpassed all surmises.

Just to think that out of 3,800,000 inhabitants, more than a million are Catholics. At this rate it is easy to predict that before a century all the Madagascans (except those who have become Protestants) will be won over to the truth. But what is more beautiful to contemplate is the many evidences of the quality of these new Christians, their piety, fervor, generosity. One really breathes there the atmosphere of the primitive Church."

* * * * *

Proportionately to other races in America, the number of Negro converts to our holy faith is large. For this reason we quote from the admirable work of John L. Stoddard "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." This, no doubt, voices their sentiments and joys.

When I am asked what I have found in the Catholic Church superior to all that Protestantism gave me, I find that language is inadequate to express it. One thinks of the familiar metaphor of a stained glass window in a vast cathedral. Seen from without by day, this seems to be an unintelligible mass of dusky glass. Viewed from within, however, it reveals a beautiful design, where sacred story glows resplendently in form and color. So it is with the Church of Rome. One must enter it to understand its sanctity and charm—I feel that this One, Holy, Apostolic Church has given me certainty for doubt, order for confusion, sunlight for darkness, and substance for shadow. . . .

Favored are those who, from their childhood up, are nurtured in the Catholic Church, and to whom all her comforts, aids and Sacraments come no less freely than the air and sunshine. Yet I have sometimes wondered whether such favored Catholics

ever know the rapture of the homeless waif, to whom the splendors of his Father's house are suddenly revealed; the consolation of the mariner, whose storm-tossed vessel finally attains the sheltered port; the gratitude of the lonely wanderer, long lost in cold and darkness, who shares at last, however undeservedly, the warmth and light of God's great spiritual home!

* * * * *

Congratulations are in order for Howard University, Washington, D. C., a pioneer institution for the education of the colored. On March 2, it was 65 years old. It celebrated its birthday by dedicating three new women's dormitories, which have been recently erected at a cost of \$770,000. These dormitories were opened for use at the beginning of the current year and are said to be among the best equipped for Negro youth in the United States.

* * * * *

It is indeed gratifying to quote the following concerning the Vice-president of our fast-growing organization of Federated Colored Catholics:

From Cincinnati, Ohio, comes the news that an appropriate gold medal signifying his 50 years with the Pennsylvania railroad was found in his desk Friday, February 12th, by George W. B. Conrad, nationally known colored Catholic leader, a vice-president of the Federation of Colored Catholic Societies.

Starting with the company at the age of twelve, Conrad was given the opportunity to attend night school and to advance himself so he could later attend college and secure his degree in the college of law at Ann Arbor. For many years he has been in the claims department of the company at Cincinnati. He is active in all Catholic affairs and is a member of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society.

* * * * *

The days of miraculous cures are not over, nor are they restricted to certain places, for the power of God knows neither time nor distance. And so we hear of miracles at Lourdes and in Africa. God performed this marvelous cure in Cape Town, Africa.

Sister Mary Sophie Thomas, a colored Nun, lay dying of advanced tuberculosis and heart weakness on the day she was to have received the habit. She was professed in bed. After the crowd left, she said she felt no pain and as if she had never been sick. The next morning she arose, fully recovered, and now enjoys complete health.

* * * * *

Much has been written and that justly so, in praise of the constructive work Mr. Rosenwald accomplished for the Negro. On the reception of the Harmon Award in 1927, a gold medal by William A. Harmon, given yearly for distinguished achievements in Race relations, he gave the following as his motive:

I am interested in the Negro people because I am also interested in the white people. Negroes are one-tenth of our population. If we promote better citizenship among the Negroes, not only are they improved, but our entire citizenship is benefited.

* * * * *

All praise goes to Venerable Sister Modesta Ravessa for her heroic self-sacrifice for suffering humanity. After she had contracted leprosy, while serving in the leper colony at Contraction, Columbia, she submitted her disease-tortured body as an experimental field to assist physicians in their search for a cure or a means of lessening the pain of persons afflicted with the dread malady. When she entered the colony she said:

"I desire to pass my life among these unhappy ones, and, if the terrible leprosy should strike me I pray the Lord to leave my hands whole to work and my face free from the disease so as not to inspire disgust in anyone."

Her prayer has been granted.



Realizing the absolute necessity of fostering and instilling in the heart of the young the idea of the vocation to the priesthood, we have launched a vocational campaign. During the last month communication has been made with all the Sisters of the colored schools in the States asking them to aid us in interesting their students in the vocation to the priesthood. Beside that through the kind permission, generous support and co-operation of the pastors of the Negro Schools in our neighboring district, Rev. N. L. Shuler, S. V. D., and Rev. C. Baker, S. V. D., have been visiting these schools and talking on vocations. Likewise it is for this same purpose that we have made this issue of the Messenger a Vocational Number. Our only hope and prayer is that many a young man may heed the call of Christ "Come follow Me."

Last month we had the honor and pleasure of having in our midst for a friendly visit the Most Rev. William Joseph Hafey, D. D., Bishop of Raleigh, N. C. His visit was a complete surprise, and for that reason all the more appreciated. He was very much interested in St. Augustine's Seminary. During his stay he visited the classes at the college, and Seminary and spoke a few words of encouragement to the students. Among other things he told our theologians that he would inform the Bishops of the country about St. Augustine's, and ask them to visit us so that they could see the good work that was being accomplished here.

The Rev. Joseph M. Schmutz, S. S. J., one of our good Josephite friends, drove over from Prichard, Alabama, for a few hours' visit. Father Schmutz has always shown great interest in St. Augustine's for he has two of his parishioners with us; one from Richmond, Va., and the other from Prichard.

During the past years it was customary for the priests to make their spiritual exercises at the completion of the school term. But this year putting aside the old tradition the retreat was held during Holy Week. A very opportune time indeed. Too much praise could hardly be given to Rev. G. Esser, S. V. D., who directed the retreat. Our priests have the fine custom of making a retreat under a special master every second year; the other times, though employing the same number of days, find them making it privately.

Fathers Retreat

Passiontide

Passiontide stalks through the world in somber gown. It never fails to remind us of our duty to imitate the Man of Sorrows. It teaches us the value of sufferings patiently borne. During this holy season the ceremonies held in our Seminary Chapel were awe inspiring, and an impressive sight to the beholder. *Tenebrae* was sung by the Fathers and the Community on Wednesday, and on the successive evenings. Holy Thursday was a day of prayer and adoration spent before the Blessed Sacrament. Good Friday was celebrated in a quiet and meditative manner. In the afternoon an impressive ceremony and devotion was held in the Adoration of the True Cross, and a special devotion to Our Sorrowful Mother. In the sanctuary was placed the statue of our Sorrowful Mother with her Divine Son in her lap. The *Stabat Mater* was sung and a sermon was delivered. Holy Saturday morning we again witnessed the impressive ceremonies of the blessing of the fire, and Paschal Candle, along with all the other ceremonies. After breakfast everything was hustle and bustle preparing for the Feast of the Resurrection. Everybody was found at his appointed post doing his bit to add to the Easter Joy. On Easter morn everyone was there with his cheery Easter greeting. Classes were resumed on the Tuesday after Easter, and our students are now back at their regular work again for the last stiff race to June.



SPRING TRAINING



Realizing the absolute necessity of fostering and instilling in the heart of the young the idea of the vocation to the priesthood, we have launched a vocational campaign.

Vocational Campaign

During the last month communication has been made with all the Sisters of the colored schools in the States asking them to aid us in interesting their students in the vocation to the priesthood. Beside that through the kind permission, generous support and co-operation of the pastors of the Negro Schools in our neighboring district, Rev. N. L. Shuler, S. V. D., and Rev. C. Baker, S. V. D., have been visiting these schools and talking on vocations. Likewise it is for this same purpose that we have made this issue of the Messenger a Vocational Number. Our only hope and prayer is that many a young man may heed the call of Christ "Come follow Me."

Last month we had the honor and pleasure of having in our midst for a friendly visit the Most Rev. William Joseph Hafey, D. D., Bishop of Raleigh, N. C. His visit was a

Visit of Bishop Hafey complete surprise, and for that reason all the more appreciated. He was very much interested in St. Augustine's Seminary. During his stay he visited the classes at the college, and Seminary and spoke a few words of encouragement to the students. Among other things he told our theologians that he would inform the Bishops of the country about St. Augustine's, and ask them to visit us so that they could see the good work that was being accomplished here.

The Rev. Joseph M. Schmutz, S. S. J., one of our good Josephite friends, drove over from Prichard, Alabama, for a few hours' visit. Father Schmutz has always shown great interest in St. Augustine's for he has two of his parishioners with us; one from Richmond, Va., and the other from Prichard.

During the past years it was customary for the priests to make their spiritual exercises at the completion of the school term. But this year putting aside the old tra-

Fathers Retreat

dition the retreat was held during Holy Week. A very opportune time indeed. Too much praise could hardly be given to Rev. G. Esser, S. V. D., who directed the retreat. Our priests have the fine custom of making a retreat under a special master every second year; the other times, though employing the same number of days, find them making it privately.

Passiontide stalks through the world in somber gown. It never fails to remind us of our duty to imitate the Man of Sorrows. It teaches us the value of sufferings patiently borne. During this holy season the ceremonies held in our Seminary Chapel were awe inspiring, and an impressive sight to the behold-

Passiontide

er. *Tenebrae* was sung by the Fathers and the Community on Wednesday, and on the successive evenings. Holy Thursday was a day of prayer and adoration spent before the Blessed Sacrament. Good Friday was celebrated in a quiet and meditative manner. In the afternoon an impressive ceremony and devotion was held in the Adoration of the True Cross, and a special devotion to Our Sorrowful Mother. In the sanctuary was placed the statue of our Sorrowful Mother with her Divine Son in her lap. The *Stabat Mater* was sung and a sermon was delivered. Holy Saturday morning we again witnessed the impressive ceremonies of the blessing of the fire, and Paschal Candle, along with all the other ceremonies. After breakfast everything was hustle and bustle preparing for the Feast of the Resurrection. Everybody was found at his appointed post doing his bit to add to the Easter Joy. On Easter morn everyone was there with his cheery Easter greeting. Classes were resumed on the Tuesday after Easter, and our students are now back at their regular work again for the last stiff race to June.



SPRING TRAINING

Jubilee Sermon

Excerpts from the sermon delivered by the Rev. James B. Albert, S. S. J., on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Very Rev. G. J. Heffels, S. V. D., Rector of St. Augustine's Seminary.

We are gathered here today to celebrate the silver jubilee, the 25th anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood, of Father Heffels, the Superior of this institution, and the leader of the movement which has its source and center here. It is Father Heffel's wish that we make use of this occasion for no personal glorification of him but rather to make it redound to the benefit and credit of the work so dear to his heart, that is, preparing young men for the priesthood.

* * *

The number of their members (Society of the Divine Word) has increased in leaps and bounds and the scope of their activities is now world-wide. But most interesting to us are their great institutions and many foundations in the United States, and particularly this noble effort, St. Augustine's Seminary for the education of colored men for the holy priesthood, which houses us all today for this happy event and of which our Reverend Jubilarian is the efficient, zealous and brilliant head.

Opportunities for colored young men to study for the priesthood have been offered elsewhere, especially in the college and seminary of the Josephite Fathers, but subjects did not come in appreciable numbers. A few years ago due to the daring and vision of the Divine Word Fathers and especially to the zeal of the saintly

Father Christman, whose body lies buried in these grounds, this separate institution was founded for colored aspirants to the priesthood. And, thank God, subjects have come in encouraging numbers.

In affording this glorious opportunity to worthy colored men to become priests of God and work unselfishly for the uplift and evangelization of their race, the Divine Word Fathers are following the mind of Christ and the expressed desire of our Holy Father, the Pope. Their efforts should be generously supported not only by the hierarchy as a whole but also by every loyal son and daughter of Holy Mother Church. This venture should not be the concern of these Fathers alone but should be of vital interest to every priest and every Catholic who sincerely desires the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

* * *

And now, dear Father Heffels, a parting word to you—May the students under your care catch inspiration from your life to follow your luminous example and by obedience, piety and application to their studies make your task less hard and their own efforts more fruitful. And when your golden anniversary rolls around may it be your joy and ours to see many colored priests doing God's work in these United States and also in foreign mission fields.

Eleven Years Ago

Easter, 1921—In preparation for the great feast, the seminarians made a two-day Retreat from Holy Thursday afternoon until Easter Sunday after the early Mass.

April—Talk is being circulated that the Seminary will have to be moved to more Catholic surroundings, perhaps a place near New Orleans, though no definite location has yet been chosen. Property and building funds are necessary.

After Easter Father Christman went to New Orleans and thence to Bay St. Louis, where negotiations are being made for a large tract of land. Father Provincial, the Reverend Peter T. Janser, S. V. D., returned with Father Christman to the Seminary. He is very interested in everything.

May 4th—The school children and some people in town wish to give a dance tonight in the auditorium of the school. Father Christman consents to their using the auditorium but thinks it best to have the seminarians far away. They go to Shell Lake, a place over six miles away from the grounds and there camp in an old shack for a day and a night.

June 16th—Today another student arrived from St. Louis, Mo. He is the sixteenth student here now.

June 29th—The Voorhies place in Bay St. Louis, Miss., comprising some 26 acres of land, was purchased for \$5,570.00.

July 20th—A letter written by Father Christman to Mon-

signor Burke, Editor of Our Colored Missions, summing up the work of Sacred Heart College follows: The first year of the Seminary is now coming to a close. The students will have their final examinations at the end of this month, and next month they will be allowed to go home for four or five weeks. The new school year will open the first week in September.

The first year of the College was certainly a success. We have good students and I believe with the exception of one all will come back next year.

Among the most enthusiastic friends of the College are some Josephite and Jesuit Fathers, also several secular priests. Mr. Markoe, S. J., sent an excellent boy here and writes me regularly. It is mainly through them that I receive the students of the College. There is a good religious spirit among the boys, a great love for their studies, and discipline is good. One who watches them closely can soon find out that they come here determined to become priests and, that they well realize what this means: to quit the world, to control their passions, and embrace a strict religious life. Most of the boys are serious minded and their characters solid.

Our Father Provincial paid his first official visit to the College a few weeks ago and though he always firmly believed in the success of this work, he was surprised to see a well organized Seminary with such a good spirit among the boys at the end of even the first year.

THE BEST DOCTOR

(Continued from page 65)

making it impossible to see more than a few feet ahead, even with strong lights. Suddenly, on rounding a curve, he was blinded by the glaring headlights of an auto right in front of him. Dr. Colby slammed on the brakes; his car skidded, swung around off the road, down the steep embankment, and crashed!

When Bert came to himself again, he was stiff and in pain from head to foot. Gradually, he realized he was lying in bed; he saw also another bed, and in it somebody bundled up in bandages. Then it all came back to him—that awful moment when the car plunged into the deep ditch—and he closed his eyes to shut out the thought. Reopening them he saw Father Milton bending over him, and saying soothingly: "There, I knew you'd come around alright."

"Is papa much hurt?" was Bert's first question.

"Pretty badly; but the doctor says he'll pull thru' alright. You got a lucky break, though. No broken bones, and only a few cuts which will be healed in no time. Thank the Lord for that. And, Bert, "Father Milton lowered his voice," more good news: just forty minutes ago, your father made his confession and received our Blessed Lord in Communion. After that he was very happy, but would not rest till I had promised that your two or three weeks' absence from school will not interfere with your graduation in June."

"Bert," interrupted the weak voice of Dr. Colby from the other bed; "I have already decided on your graduation present. It will be a trunk, and—a railroad ticket to the Seminary in September!"

"Oh, Papa!" cried Bert; but choked with emotion, he would say no more. Closing his eyes, he whispered; "Oh, sweet Mother Mary, the 'Best Doctor' has won!"

SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

(Continued from page 67)

ways ready to fill the orders for new vestments or to repair old ones.

The field for the Sisters' activities is ever widening, hence, those who feel themselves called to serve their people in the religious life will find ample scope for their zeal in the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Family.

The Priesthood

The Little Flower clearly realized what it means to be a priest. Though unable to be called to this sublime dignity, she nevertheless gave vent to her heroic desires to serve Jesus as a priest and missionary.

"The vocation of the priesthood!" she exclaimed: "With what love, my Jesus, would I bear Thee in my hands when my words brought Thee down from heaven! With what love, too, would I give Thee to the faithful!"

"Like the prophets and doctors, I would be a light unto souls. I would travel the world over to preach Thy name, O my Beloved, and raise on heathen soil the glorious standard of the Cross. One mission alone would not satisfy my longings. I would preach the Gospel in all parts of the earth, even to the farthest isles. I would be a missionary, but not for a few years only. Were it possible, I should wish to have been one from the world's creation and to remain one till the end of time."